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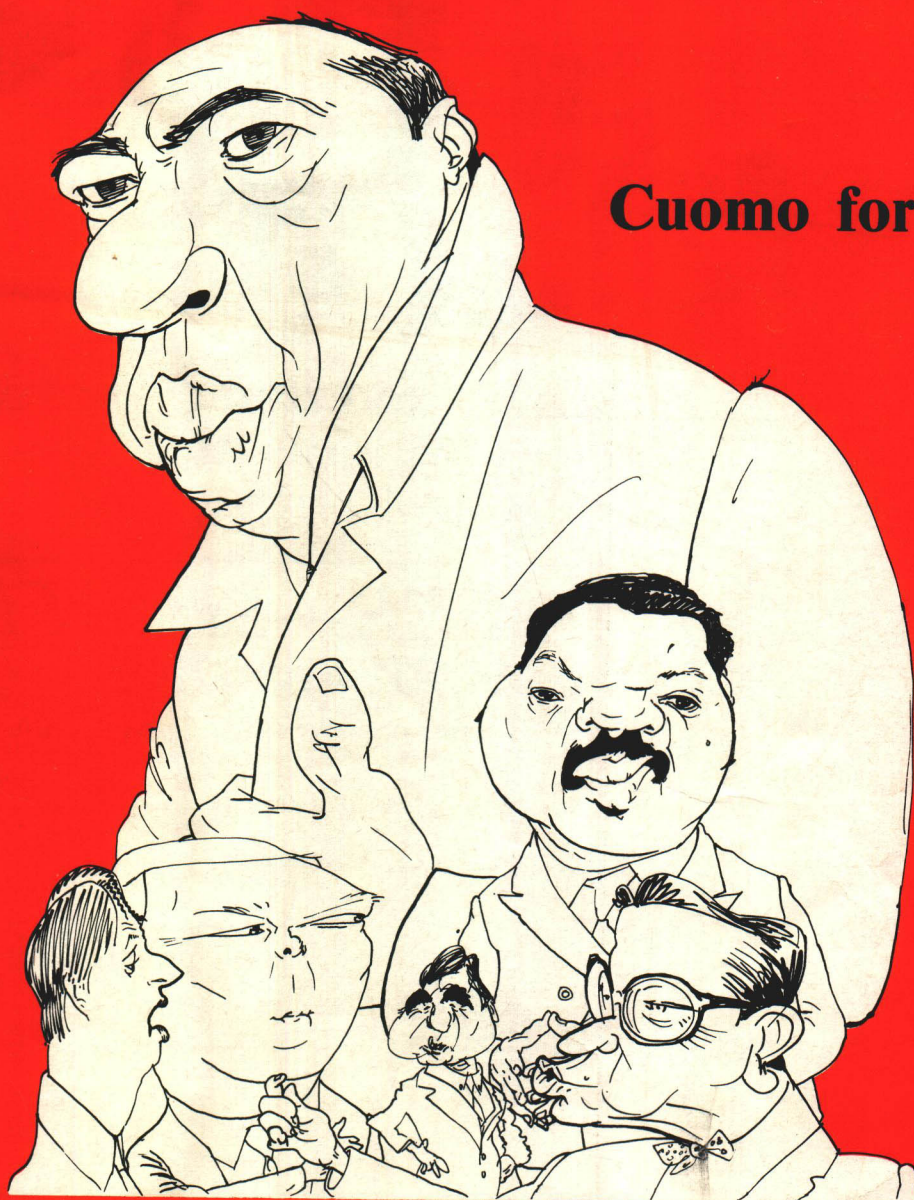
A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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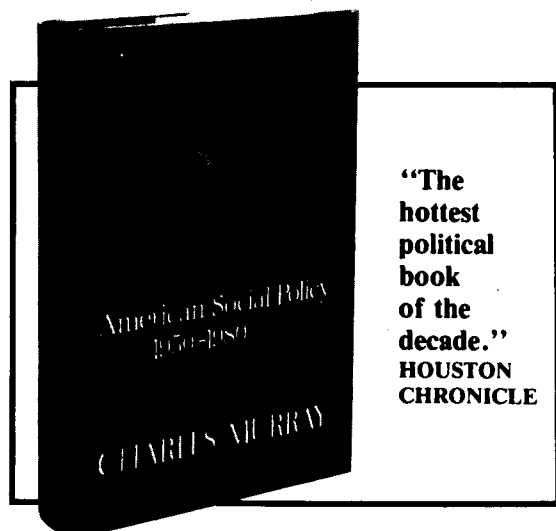
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"The hottest political book of the decade."
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LOSING GROUND WINS WHITE HOUSE SUPPORT

White House aides credit *Losing Ground* as one of the Reagan Administration's main sources of inspiration for restructuring social welfare policy. President Reagan echoed a Murray theme in a State of the Union address saying, "Policies that increase dependency, break up families and destroy self-responsibility are not progressive..."

Media sources, including *The Wall Street Journal*, have reported that *Losing Ground* is "considered a bible of sorts within the federal Office of Management and Budget." Its associate director, John Cogan, has stated that *Losing Ground* "is already an important part of the policymakers' thinking."

LBJ SYMPOSIUM CENTERS ON LOSING GROUND

Austin—As reported in *The Washington Post*, the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs symposium, "The Great Society: A Twenty Year Critique," became a debate that seemed more preoccupied with critiquing *Losing Ground* than with the social reforms of the mid 1960s.

Charles Murray was one of several scholars and former government officials invited to participate in the 2-day conference held at the University of Texas in Austin.

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LOSING GROUND IGNITES NATIONAL DEBATE ON SOCIAL-WELFARE POLICY

New York City—Charles Murray's *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980* has sent social scientists and policymakers on the left and right scrambling for data to support or rebut the book's thesis that government anti-poverty programs have hurt more than helped the poor. *Losing Ground* has succeeded in triggering one of the hottest debates of the 1980s.

Most significant is how the book has shifted the debate. The advocates of poverty programs who have defended them against budget cuts now find themselves arguing not how best to use federal dollars but if helping the poor is a proper function of government.

"Nothing more important than Charles Murray's work has come along in recent years," said Michael Horowitz, counsel to the Office of Management and Budget, "and his role as a morally credible spokesman for the conservative side of the debate has opened up the dialogue. Everybody who disagrees with him disagrees respectfully."

THE MEDIA DEBATE RAGES ON

- "Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* is the most influential presentation of the radical view that government can best help the poor by leaving them to their own devices." CHICAGO SUN TIMES
- "Murray's ideas about remedying the plight of the poor are unresponsive, unkind and unsafe." BUSINESS WEEK
- "...thoughtful, controversial book...any discussion of future social policy will have to take (Murray's) evidence into account." THE WASHINGTON POST
- "attractive on the surface...based largely on clever statistical distortion." NEWSDAY
- "Murray is essentially right. We cannot reduce poverty simply by being generous. Ultimately, only economic growth and individual effort will suffice." NEWSWEEK
- "...Murray has, in the service of a radical political agenda, consistently omitted or concealed critical facts and research findings that do not support his case." THE NEW REPUBLIC
- "Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions (of social policy) well into the 1980's." THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
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Saudi Arabia

Does it support America's interests in the area?

Since the fall of the Shah and the great upheaval in Iran, we seem to have designated Saudi Arabia as our "ally", a country whose policies and goals are supposedly in accord with ours and that can be expected to promote our interests and policies in the Middle East and the Persian Gulf area. And Saudi Arabia is generally referred to as a "moderate Arab" nation.

What are the facts?

■ In the 1920's, American exploration firms discovered the world's largest oil fields under the eastern Saudi desert. As a result, the Saudis and their small neighbors became the richest nations in the world, far surpassing in per-capita product and income long established industrial nations. Not content with this enormous wealth, the Saudis spearheaded the creation of OPEC. It is a price-fixing cartel, which would be totally illegal under U.S. anti-trust laws. This cartel has managed to increase the price of oil by more than tenfold. In doing so, the members of OPEC — primarily Saudi Arabia — were able to amass almost unimaginable riches. At the same time, they caused grave economic dislocation to the Western industrial nations and brought ruin and famine to many of the so-called third world countries.

■ What do the Saudis do with all this wealth? Much of it goes to the maintenance of the most extravagant lifestyle of the Saudi "royal" house and hundreds of "princes" and their hangers-on. Some of it goes for ostentatious public projects. But much of it goes to bankrolling terrorists and troublemakers in the Middle East and in the rest of the world. For example, Saudi Arabia is the main support of the terrorist PLO, which would financially collapse were it not for Saudi Arabian aid. Saudi Arabia finances Syria to the tune of \$750 million per year. Syria is a close ally of the Soviet Union, a state based on terror, and a sworn enemy of the U.S.

■ The Saudis have participated in every one of the Arab wars against Israel, since Israel's founding in 1948. They are totally committed to continued warfare until what they hope will be the destruction of Israel and "recovery" of Jerusalem. Saudi Arabia has systematically thwarted any peace initiatives to resolve the Arab-Israel conflict, continues to maintain a state of war with Israel, refuses to recognize Israel's right to exist, and

perpetuates, through the Arab League boycott, an international economic warfare intended to strangle Israel.

■ The Saudis clamor constantly for more and more sophisticated weapons from the U.S. They claim to need these weapons in order to protect their kingdom, their oil installations, and the Gulf shipping lanes from the Iranians. They have purchased \$2.9 billion of war materials from the U.S. and vast additional quantities from western Europe. But now that this arsenal is available and could be engaged, do they use it? Of course not! They call on the U.S. for help.

■ Because of their unwillingness to assist in their own defense, we have had so far to put thirty war ships in the area and thousands of U.S. sailors, whose lives are at risk. Why then, if they refuse to defend their own country, do the Saudis need all this expensive and deadly hardware? To quote the Saudi defense minister: "It is focused on Israel". And he was echoing King Khaled, who said: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody except those who took away our land and holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!". The way things seem to be planned by the Saudis, it may not be too long before their F-15's will join Syria's MIG 29's (also bought with Saudi money) to fight Israel's F-15's in another devastating Middle East conflagration.

■ Are the Saudis grateful to the U.S. for being so generous with weaponry and with protection? Despite the fact that the U.S. Navy is in the Gulf for their protection, the Saudis refuse to put any of their offshore installations and air bases at the disposal of the U.S. The cost to the U.S. taxpayer is a minimum of \$200 million. Will the Saudis pick up any of that tab? Of course not! When the Iraqi fighter plane attacked the "Stark" and killed 36 American sailors, the U.S. urged the Saudis to pursue the Iraqi plane and to bring it down if necessary. What did the Saudis do? They flatly refused!

Saudi Arabia is not "moderate". It bankrolls Syria — the Soviet Union's ally and client state — and is the paymaster of the terrorist PLO. Its arsenal is not destined to the defense of its territory against Iran, but for the next "jihad" — what they hope will be the final war of extermination against Israel. They are no friends of America or of the West. They do not cooperate with us in the defense of our strategic interests — they single-mindedly pursue their own agenda. As to the "oil weapon", they wield it ruthlessly to amass the riches of the world and to disrupt the economies of the West.

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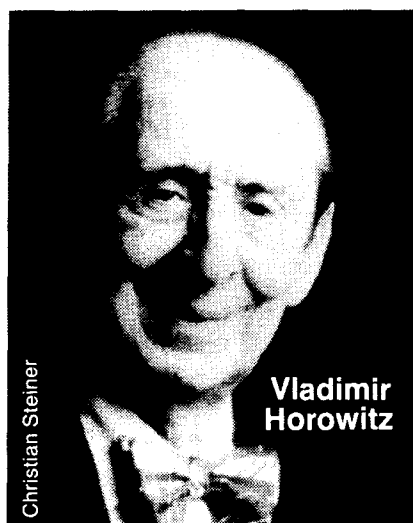
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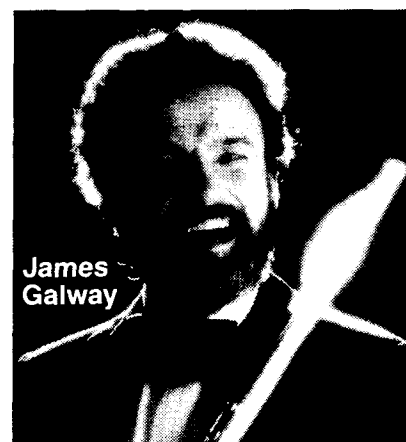
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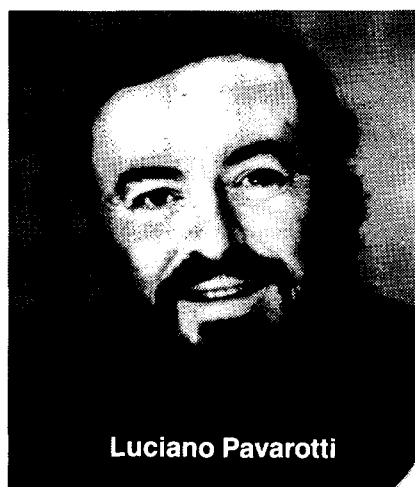
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THE CONTINUING CRISIS



•November exits after a dispendious display of theater from the White House and from Capitol Hill. Both are pretending that there is a huge lust in America to cut the deficit. Both are pretending that the \$30 million deficit-cutting agreement solemnized on November 20 actually does cut the deficit. And the White House is pretending that the agreement is not in essence the ideal of old Harry Hopkins and all his Democratic heirs to the tax and tax, spend and spend school of politics. Those who will bear the cost for this extravagance, of course, are the Republicans, who now have had the Democratic agenda endorsed by the White House. This is good news for the Democrats for 1988.

•In Centreville, Virginia, Federal Aviation Administration officials are investigating the possibility that an airplane defecated on the home of Mr. Roger Bange. According to Mr. Bange, at 3:20 p.m. on November 20 "the whole house shook" when a mass of "brown ice" crashed through his roof and into his son's bedroom leaving "brown ice all over the place" and "some kind of weird smell." FAA spokesman Mr. Fred Farrar assured Mr. Bange that "We will be investigating this, of course. We will attempt to determine if, indeed, it did come from an airplane, and it appears there's a good likelihood that it did." Mr. James Burnley is replacing Mrs. Elizabeth Dole as Secretary of Transportation, Mrs. Dole having vacated her position to assist her husband, Senator Robert Dole, in his presidential quest which he announced on November 9. Mrs. Anne McLaughlin is replacing Mr. William Brock as Secretary of Labor, Mr. Brock having vacated his position to assist his friend, Senator Dole, in Dole's presidential quest. In Paris, animal lovers are going to have to resort to trash compactors or Chinese restaurants to dispose of deceased pets. Paris officials have decided not to reopen the city's renowned pet cemetery, *Cimetière du Chiens (et Autre Animaux Exotiques)*, despite remonstrances by concerned citizens that to close the cemetery is to take a giant step back from a very humane vision and to leave many aging existentialists with no place to inter their mortal remains.

•In New York City, bird watchers in-

sist that they saw Dr. Timothy Leary shopping for patterned socks in Brooks Brothers. Proof of the growing intellectualism of American conservatism was provided in an untimely fashion when the Reagan Administration's second Supreme Court nominee, Judge Douglas Ginsburg, admitted to resorting to marijuana while attending a faculty party at Harvard University sometime in 1978—he was not precisely clear about the date. Several days later he withdrew his nomination and was replaced by Judge Arthur M. Kennedy, whose inclination is toward light wines and beetle juice. In the wake of Judge Ginsburg's admission, a number of America's most trusted statesmen confessed to similar peccadillos with cannabis, including Democratic candidates Bruce Babbitt and Albert Gore, Jr., Democratic Senators Lawton Chiles and Claiborne Pell, and Republican Congressman Newt Gingrich. The other statesmen apparently commit their follies stone sober.

•China's strongman Sr. Deng Xiaoping retired without incident, and on November 12 the first Kentucky Fried Chicken tearoom opened in Shanghai. Just days before a record number of Shanghai diners at a nearby restaurant came down with Betchuana Tummy, or food poisoning. In one day 762 patrons were infected. No Communist country has equaled that figure since the prime of Marshal Joseph Stalin. Peking announced its annual rat drive, and in

Winston, Oregon a rare female southern white rhinoceros died after being shipped from the San Diego Zoo to perform sex acts with one or more males of the species. Authorities are investigating. Miss Amy Carter celebrated the first anniversary of her arrest for harassing CIA recruiters by again demonstrating against the CIA at the Federal Building in Springfield, Massachusetts. Miss Carter's father is the former Governor of Georgia.

•There was more bad news for AIDS sufferers in California where the directors of Bay Area Rapid Transit thwarted a proposal to offer discount fares to certified carriers of the disease. In Bonn, West Germany, the Bundestag after much deliberation has decided to excuse one-third of the cost of an elderly lady's careless telephone call to Nairobi, Kenya. Apparently after making a five-minute call to a relative in Kenya, the lady failed to return the telephone to its cradle and she ran up a \$1,710 bill. Six decades after the Kaiser, German government has come to this. Mr. Richard Lenchester and Mr. Rupert Wolf-Murray were expelled from Tibet. The two British teachers had allegedly been running an unofficial library and at least one was in possession of lascivious pictures of the Dalai Lama. In Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. William Farley, the underwear magnate, declared that he will not seek the Democratic nomination with the enigmatic pronouncement:

"There is not time enough to run."

•Senator David Durenberger (R-Minn.) introduced a Senate resolution to add a woman to the Vietnam War Memorial after Washington's Commission on Fine Arts rejected a similar proposal. The idea is to have the thousands of nurses who served with the millions of men represented by a suitable statue standing with the three combat soldiers who now look out over the memorial, possibly a nurse holding aloft a thermometer or better yet holding a grenade launcher and shouting "Geronimo." And forget not the thousands of patriotic German Shepherds who served with our snipers in the bush; wait until Senator Durenberger hears about them. In response to the AIDS challenge administrators at the University of California are moving with laudable dispatch to place condom dispensers in all dormitories. The vending machines will not be placed in public areas where the bashful might be inhibited from using them but in dormitory comfort stations and in laundry areas where the administrators apparently fear students are easily aroused.

•Another U.S. congressman is shuffling off to the hoosegow. The Hon. Mario Biaggi was sentenced to thirty months on charges of accepting unlawful gratuities and obstructing justice. President Reagan may have another hero to extoll. In Enfield, New York, Tiny, a four-year-old chihuahua, lost her life defending her master's property against burglars who in desperation threw Tiny into a dryer and turned it to "Air Fluff" for what seemed like hours. When it was all over, Tiny did not smell very good either. National Smoke Out Day was observed on November 19. In Washington Mr. Potato Head, as he is known to millions of children, handed in his pipe to Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, M.D., and Mr. Paul Corbin increased his daily consumption to forty-five Marlboros and glowed with health.

•Late in the month, Secretary of State George Shultz and his Soviet counterpart Eduard Shevardnadze met in Geneva to elaborate the final details of their arms control artistry and their plans for the forthcoming summit. A 320-pound man who fell into the ocean off Rio Vista, California defeated the



Coast Guard's every attempt to lift him aboard a 21-foot Coast Guard boat and had to be towed to shore. The corpulent mariner refused to give his name. In San Luis Obispo, California, Dr. Glen C. Millar, 65, and his trusted associate Dr. Robert W. Tetatreau were ordered to pay \$6 million for "abusive sex surgery." Upon suspecting that his wife, Mrs. Debbie Crandall-Millar, 35, was in love with another man, Dr. Mil-

lar, a gynecologist, apparently sewed shut her vagina; and she complained. She has since remarried and moved to Fresno where according to her lawyer, Mr. David Sabih, "she can have sex but it hurts her a lot."

•In Berkeley, California, Mr. Eldridge Cleaver, the former Black Panther who more recently has become a born-again Christian and neoconservative, held a garage sale to raise money for his forth-

coming trial on cocaine charges. In San Diego, California, Superior Court Judge Judith McConnell awarded custody of a 16-year-old boy to his deceased father's homosexual boyfriend. The father died last June of Rock Hudson's Disease. In San Francisco, California, Mayor Dianne Feinstein was deeply disappointed when a singer in the rock band U2 painted graffiti on a public fountain at a concert attend-

ed by 20,000 subhumans. "I am disappointed that a rock star who is supposed to be a role model for young people chose to vandalize the work of another artist," said the incorrigible Mayor. And in Chicago, Illinois, Mayor-for-Life Harold Washington died of a heart attack. He had stood 5 ft. 10 in. and weighed in at a voluptuous 284 lbs. His death came a day before Thanksgiving. —RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Never Too Late

I want to add my congratulations to those you've already received on the 20th anniversary of *The American Spectator*.

It's well worth recalling that two decades ago, when you began *The Alternative: An American Spectator*, conservatism wasn't the force it is today. I'm not alone in suspecting a link between your 20 years of publication and the rise of American conservatism. You and your colleagues have exercised wide influence as you've livened up current journalism by puncturing liberalism's balloons and by offering fresh, funny, and telling conservative insights.

You've done all this with a style that surely would have pleased one of your inspirations, Mencken, who appreciated writing in which he found "verbal delicacies" and "the constant joy of sudden discovery." Along with your many other readers, I am truly grateful—and proud to say so.

Again, congratulations and best wishes for many more anniversaries. God bless you and your readers.

—Ronald Reagan
Washington, D.C.

Greetings from the Persian Gulf

While I found Elie Kedourie's article "Cruising for a Bruising: The U.S. in the Gulf" (*TAS*, October 1987) very interesting and enlightening in some aspects, the idea that the United States has insufficient military forces in the Gulf region flies in the face of reality. Presently the United States has the assets needed to carry out near term goals with the capability needed to supplement these assets for long term foreign policy and strategic needs.

We should not be examining our force composition. We need to look at the framework and rules of engagement given to our Flag and General Officers used in carrying out our foreign policy. One of the reasons the U.S. failed Lebanon in 1982 is that the military was given a poor framework in which to work in. The situation was micro-managed, which hampered the

military even more. Only when Flag and General Officers are given the local control needed coupled with realistic rules of engagement and military objectives can military forces pursue, support, and achieve foreign policy. Just like the effective use of the military produces success in foreign policy, the improper or mismanaged use produces disasters.

Recent events in the Persian Gulf in addition to the successful military actions against Libya in 1986 show that this administration has learned from the mistakes made in Lebanon and can in fact provide the necessary management, rules of engagement, and objectives needed for the effective use of military forces in carrying out foreign policy.

—Mark M. Jilka

Aviation Anti-submarine Warfare
Technician 2nd Class U.S. Navy
USS Howes
Miami, Florida

Monitoring Toshiba and the KGB

My attention has been drawn to *The American Spectator* of November 1987. An article referring to the Toshiba case alleges that "we cannot get the full story from the American press" ("Distortions, Omissions, Lies," by Michael Ledeen). Specifically, it says that two "quite long and detailed" articles on the subject in the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Wall Street Journal* do not mention the role of the Soviet KGB in the affair.

I would recommend that you and your correspondent actually read the *Christian Science Monitor* before offering such comments to your readers. On July 21 the *Monitor* carried just such a long and detailed article, entitled "High-tech spying, Toshiba sale only the tip of espionage iceberg?" It included numerous references to the role of the Soviet authorities and of the KGB not only in the Toshiba case but many other similar cases as well. The story was based on extensive interviews with the central figure in the Toshiba operation, Kazuo Kumagai, as well as on information from senior Japanese

government officials and police officers. The *Monitor* article was commented upon, and used by, American government officials and legislators.

I hope you will correct the false impression given your readers and publish this letter.

—David Anable

Managing Editor
Christian Science Monitor
Boston, Massachusetts

Michael Ledeen replies:

Mr. David Anable is quite right to be angry. I got the story wrong, for the worst of all reasons: I didn't double-check. The article reproduced in the *Congressional Record* turns out to have been the second in the series (printed July 22), and I didn't look to see if there had been another one, as I should have (if anyone should have learned about the sloppiness of Congressional investigators, I should). The July 21 article referred to by Mr. Anable—and written by Daniel Snider—not only includes numerous references to the role of the KGB, but indeed the second and third paragraphs are so good they deserve to be reprinted here:

According to Japanese police and government officials, as well as a former employee of a corporation involved in the Toshiba scandal, the Soviet intelligence force (KGB) actively encourages and helps arrange such transfers.

The KGB uses blackmail and intimidation in attempting to divert these high-tech wares into Soviet hands, these officials say. The KGB's efforts are aided by the companies' fierce desire for business, and by the Japanese government's failure to effectively control strategic exports to communist countries.

So full marks to Daniel Snider and the *Christian Science Monitor* for a job well done, my apologies for having gotten this one absolutely wrong, and my thanks to David Anable for calling it to my attention. I would not have wished to leave such an error on the record.

Pierce, Not Buchanan

Just in the interest of accuracy, Nathaniel Hawthorne did not write a campaign biography of James Buchanan, as Victor Gold tells us in his review

of George Bush's *Looking Forward*, in your November issue. Not that Gold's memory is completely off; he just has the wrong candidate and the wrong year. Hawthorne wrote the campaign biography of his Bowdoin classmate, Franklin Pierce, in 1852. Pierce rewarded him with appointment as U.S. Consul at Liverpool, a position that paid very well. I doubt if even Hawthorne scholars read *The Life of Franklin Pierce* these days, but Hawthorne saved enough from his Liverpool appointment to be financially secure for the rest of his life, which is probably what he was after. You might say that both he and Pierce won.

—Earl Hilton
Marquette, Michigan

Victor Gold replies:

I stand corrected. However, as Mr. Hilton kindly suggests, my confusing Franklin Pierce with James Buchanan simply bears out my point that those Presidents who fail either to get us into war or to get themselves shot tend to blur in the memory.

The Buck Stops Here

When Dave Shiflett writes (Correspondence, *TAS*, December 1987) that he "witnessed events which left no doubt that the Unification Church was influencing the [*Washington Times's*] editorial policy," he is lying. No such events took place. I have been in sole charge of the *Washington Times's* editorial policy since I assumed the responsibility March 19, 1985.

To repeat to a member of my editorial staff what Ambassador Sang Kook Han, the representative of the owners, had heard about what was happening in South Korea was not an editorial directive. And Tom Bethell is absolutely correct when he states, in his reply to Shiflett, that in order to prove to my staff there was no suggestion from the owners for an editorial or for the contents of an editorial, let alone a directive, I told Bill Cheshire, the former editor of the editorial page, "Go ahead and write the editorial however you

(continued on page 48)

EDITORIALS



BAD CHARACTERS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

When the pundits and the politicians begin to conjure with what in 1987 they are pleased to call the character issue, tune them out. Once again they are indulging in their favored pursuit: to wit, burning incense before their own enhaloed personas. It is unthinkable that they could be deeply concerned about character. Few of them have it. In fact, few of them even want it. In American politics character has too frequently been an impediment to greatness.

The character issue should more accurately be addressed as the gossip issue. If character were at issue in Judge Douglas Ginsburg's recent fall, surely more indignation would have been shown toward those Harvard faculty members who smoked dope with colleague Ginsburg in the late 1970s and then ratted on him. To be sure, Ginsburg's errancy manifests a flawed character, but what is the flaw? That at a party of Harvard profs he immediately took refuge in a cannabis paradise? That he was not personally strong enough to resist the criminal folkways and mores of the Harvard Law School? That, for trusting in the honor of his liberal colleagues, this conservative academic was a political simpleton? There is, indeed, a question of character here, but few in American public life are going to subject themselves to derision from their peers by meditating on what that question might be.

In America for well over a century there has been a tension between moralism—or Puritanism, as it is known—and that peculiar brand of 100-percent American optimism that scoffs at the possibility of evil. Today the moralists are in the ascendancy when the topic is acquisitiveness; the scoffers are in the ascendancy when the topic is a "victimless crime," to resort to a 1970s misnomer. On the weekend that Judge Ginsburg's Supreme Court nomination went down in a volley of

moral indignation—abetted by, of all people, the Senate bartender, Senator Edward Kennedy—a *New York Times*/CBS Poll revealed that a majority of Americans thought Ginsburg's past offense was an insufficient reason to disqualify him from the Supreme Court.

I take leave from the majority here. Were Judge Ginsburg a repentant bohemian of some sort, say an ex-jazz musician whose early years were spent in a drug subculture but who for decades has lived an irreproachable life, I would excuse him. Alas, this law professor as recently as 1978 indulged in a drug that is (a) subversive to Western culture, (b) anti-social, and (c) always taken to sozzle the mind. That last point is particularly significant. A beer or even a scotch and soda can provide refreshment. Marijuana only provides escape and an acrid fragrance reminiscent of various incinerators I have known.

No, the stories that the press retails these days about a public figure's private life do not constitute data from which to make character judgments. They constitute gossip, that is to say: personal or sensational stories ferreted from behind the scenes. When ex-Senator Gary Hart and Senator Joseph Biden went down it was not because they had displayed bad character but because their candidacies had become ridiculous in light of their bizarre antics—a renowned skirt-chaser brags of his prosaic life and challenges the

press to prove otherwise, a legendary orator is caught lifting his oratory from other spellbinders.

If what is called the "character issue" really were about character, not so many of the giants of our time would be pertly declaring marijuana use by a public figure "irrelevant." Nor would they be saying one's private life is irrelevant to one's public life. Those who think most carefully about free government have realized that it rests on a moral basis. In the Virginia Declaration of Rights of 1776, Thomas Jefferson's colleagues declared that in a "free government" the people must adhere

"to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue. . . ."

Thus with such proven libertarians as our guides we can all safely admit that private vices and virtues are indeed relevant to government. Character does matter in choosing leaders. The problem is how much does it matter? How, bearing in mind the imperative of privacy, do we discover a candidate's character? And what constitutes good character? Having listened to the idiot babble surrounding the so-called character issue of 1987, I have come to the conclusion that the pundits and the politicians have not a clue. □

WHO'S TO BLAME?

As even the most casual observer must have noticed, the Republic has emerged from the comparative tranquility of the middle 1980s into . . . ah . . . troubled times. There has been the epic crash of the stock market; and, though not many Americans were heaved into a debtors' hoosegow because of it or even suffered a loss of discretionary income, it has cast a shadow. There are the trade and budget deficits. Again, these are deficits that have been with us from time out of mind (which for most pundits means over a year) but they now loom large on the national anxiety index. And there is Attorney General Edwin Meese. He has allowed such nefarious deeds to be perpetrated at the Justice Department that all progressives of good conscience are agreed: for the good of the Republic he must be put to death or at least sent to Leavenworth.

America, then, in the last days of the Reagan tyranny is in a hell of a mess. How does one explain it? After all, the economy has experienced the longest peacetime expansion in American history. At this very hour the "misery index" (inflation plus unemployment) is down to 11 percent compared with 20.6 percent in the last days of the Carter Enlightenment. Enemies abroad have ceased to stride and many have

been on tiptoes since misfortune befell their colleagues in Grenada, Libya, parts of Africa and Southwest Asia. Particularly in those last two places, Soviet stratagems have been sorely tested and at very little expense to the American taxpayer. Even international terrorism has now somewhat abated.

How, given all these recent accomplishments, has the Reagan regime allowed the Republic to collapse into such a dreadful state? Every day the headlines scream of new infamies. It began with the dastardly Iran-contra business, foul play in Nicaragua that continues and gets worse, the Bork & Ginsburg atrocities. All the aforementioned contretemps have brought America back to a case of what in the late 1970s a great President referred to as "paralysis and stagnation and drift." I know. Last month I addressed nearly two hundred lawyers from a leading progressive law firm in this great city. Every one of them is blue about the Administration's present condition, particularly about this fellow Meese. Has the Justice Department ever seen the likes of him, I was asked. Not since Ramsey Clark, I responded, which did not cheer them up!

So I undertook an analysis of the present malaise. I have gathered extensive data. I have consulted widely. It is my conclusion that the eruption of



Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

calamities afflicting us is no accident. Our present woe is the result of the machinations of a foreign power. That will come as no surprise to the faithful who repose so uneasily at the far ends of the political spectrum. But the right might be surprised to hear that the foreign power of which I speak is none other than South Africa, working through its National Intelligence Service (NIS).

How do I know this? I wish I could answer with a dramatic story that would thrill my colleagues in the press.

I wish I could say Bill Casey told me while we played poker with Bob Woodward a few days after Casey's brain surgery at Georgetown Hospital and while his bodyguards were off bowling. But the real answer is simple logic.

In the tranquility of the middle 1980s America's constituency of conscience, as the Hon. George McGovern used to refer to all forward-lookers, had very little on its agenda of disquietudes. There was their autumnal concern for the homeless. There was concern for the farmers. There were brief outbreaks of horror over hunger in Ethiopia, the decline of the American Midwest,

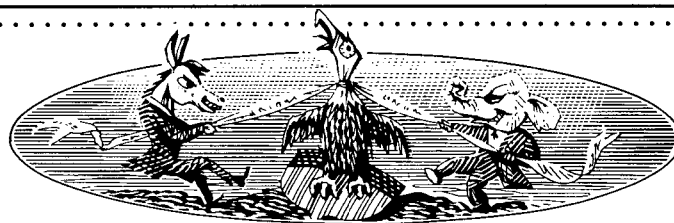
various sorts of domestic abuse, and something about the feminization of poverty.

All these middle-1980s horripilations followed the nuclear freeze and the Reagan budget cuts, remember? Of course, most are misfortunes that any conscientious citizen might want to alleviate. But they did not cause the requisite amount of disquiet that concerned Americans crave. They did not threaten the legitimacy of American government. Thus the constituency of conscience affixed its concern on our government's policy toward South Africa. Soon there were tremendous

demonstrations on campuses and at every South African consulate. South Africa had to respond.

Surely, its intelligence agents orchestrated the news stories that have diverted attention from Johannesburg to all the above-mentioned furors. Weigh the evidence for yourself. Ever since the mysterious revelations of the Iran-contra story South Africa has faded from the headlines, much to its own benefit and to the benefit of Amy Carter's academic record. Otherwise fundamental conditions here and, for that matter, in South Africa, are little changed. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



DOLE'S BITTER MEDICINE

by Tom Bethell

The correlation of political forces is of exceptional interest as we enter the election year. The October stock market drop inexplicably gave the Beltway tax-eaters the excuse they were looking for to howl for more revenues. "Deficit reduction" was their war cry—a thinly disguised appeal for tax increases, phrased in a way that nonetheless continues to dupe the unwary. Among the Republican candidates, Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas is conspicuous for his eagerness to please the Beltway crowd. That's why the liberals love him and call him a "pragmatist." Launching his campaign, Dole said in Iowa: "The American people are ready for bitter medicine. The credit card is due." He received swift praise from Anthony Lewis, the left-wing *New York Times* columnist. "A formidable candidate," Lewis noted. "Sensible, knowing in the ways of Washington."

Dole is the Republican who wants to administer castor oil to the electorate. His reasoning is obscure, but he believes quite fervently that we have been on a binge of late. "The deficit is the issue," he keeps on saying. By that he means he wants to raise our taxes. "I think [Walter] Mondale had a point," Dole told Sidney Blumenthal of the *Washington Post*. In 1984 Mondale promised the Democratic convention in San Francisco that he would raise taxes if elected. Dole's only quarrel is with

Mondale's forthright *boast* that he would raise taxes. "If I had been Mondale I wouldn't have addressed it quite that way," Dole said.

Call it deficit reduction and you will soon have the dimwitted GOP establishment on your side. The Beltway will applaud. And the liberals will deliver a sly ovation right along with the Republicans. The liberals are completely confident, with good reason, that the Democratic Congress will obstruct all spending cuts (except for defense). Thus deficit reduction will mean, in legislative reality: Tax Increases. On this issue, at least, Dole stands shoulder to shoulder with his Capitol Hill colleagues, Sen. Paul Simon, Sen. Albert Gore, and Rep. Dick Gephardt. They all think it would be a good idea if a greater portion of the national income were sent to Washington so they could re-route it back to favored constituents.

Dole says that he "never understood" supply-side economics, but what he means is that he never liked it. "There isn't an easy way," is Dole's Doleful Refrain. Actually, if a legislative obstacle prevents the citizenry from engaging in trade with one another, then the removal of that obstacle really will make life easier for all. High rates of taxation do constitute just such an obstacle to trade. Their removal (the No. 1 item on the supply-side agenda) is indeed the easy way—helpful to all (even to tax-collectors). The reduction of high tax rates is objectionable only to those who believe

that the appeasement of envy should be the first concern of policy.

In 1980 Dole accused the supply-siders of peddling snake oil. Now he has some bitter medicine to sell us. He will hold the spoon and we are supposed to swallow. For a long time he went around telling the following Doleful joke. "The good news is that a busload of supply-siders went over a cliff. The bad news is that there were two empty seats on the bus."

Sidney Blumenthal hints that Dole's seemingly embittered outlook on life may date from the wound he received in World War II (he has little use of his right arm). "I'm certain when it first happened I was bitter, like anyone would be," Dole recalled. "Why me?" and he added: "I don't really accept it yet." Dole refuses to wear clip-on ties or loafers, instead laboriously tying his own ties and shoelaces. "He doesn't want to be let off that easy," his brother explains.

There is no easy way, in other words. Dole went through much pain and suffering for the American people. Now it's our turn, if I read Dole aright. In the White House Dole gets to play doctor and we the patient.

George Gilder, the author of *Wealth and Poverty*, worked as a speechwriter for Bob Dole in his 1976 vice presidential campaign. Gilder recalls being summoned into the Doleful presence, there to find one of his speeches spread

out all over the floor. Pointing accusingly at the pages and glowering at Gilder as though he were an incontinent dog, Dole repeated in his harshest voice: "Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!" When Gilder told the other staffers about this later, their general reaction was that he had gotten off lightly.

A few months ago Gilder wrote an article about Senator Dole for *Life* magazine. Gilder told of Dole speaking (this year) to Iowa farmers and being asked what he thought about the value of the dollar.

"I don't know anything about the dollar," Dole said.

A week later Dole spoke to the Society of Financial Analysts in Philadelphia and was asked the same question.

"I don't know anything about the dollar," Dole repeated. All in the room groaned. Gilder said that the latter of these two scenes was cut from the *Life* article, on the grounds that it was "too devastating" to Dole.

Right now Dole is the media's favorite among the GOP candidates. They like his neatly edited sound bites, his scornful cracks, and of course they like the fact that he can be relied upon to implement the liberal agenda under cover of fiscal responsibility. They like his wife, Elizabeth Dole, knowing as they do that she worships at the shrine of Women's Issues. (That is, the aggressive extension of affirmative action into as many areas of life as possible, with

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.

"women" as the aggrieved aggressors.) A friend of mine who worked for Mrs. Dole at the Department of Transportation said that, apart from the sale of Conrail (the only DOT issue then getting White House attention), her only interest was in "women's issues." Albert Hunt, head of the *Wall Street Journal* Washington bureau and purveyor of Beltway conventional wisdom to the nation, described Mrs. Dole as

an "unrivaled asset" and as "politically shrewd"—a "very effective campaigner." Another thing Beltway types know and like about Mrs. Dole is that she was Mike Pertschuk's great ally on the Federal Trade Commission. Mrs. Dole is a liberal—common knowledge inside the Beltway.

If Bob Dole gets the Republican nomination, but not before then, the media will probably put the spotlight

on his relationship with Dwayne Andreas. He is Mikhail Gorbachev's best friend in America and the president of Archer-Daniels-Midland, a gasohol and corn-syrup company largely dependent on government protection and tariffs to prop up its high prices. Dole has been Andreas's most steadfast legislative assistant on the Hill. And Archer-Daniels-Midland provided half the sponsorship for "Face-Off," a

Mutual Broadcasting Network-distributed daily radio-debate between Dole and Sen. Ted Kennedy (worth at least \$200,000 to Dole).

I asked supply-sider and Polyconomics president Jude Wanniski how he felt about the Dole campaign. His immediate reaction was that the October stock market drop was a good thing in that it had emboldened Dole to emerge in his true, austere colors. "He's promising bitter medicine right now and I've got to hand it to him," Wanniski said. This would encourage people to get behind Rep. Jack Kemp, Wanniski felt. He didn't think that Dole had much of a chance in the campaign, or indeed particularly wanted to be President.

"The worst thing about Dole, and I don't think anyone remembers it," Wanniski said, "is that the day after Ronald Reagan won his 1980 victory—flying on the wings of Kemp-Roth, expansion, optimism, sweeping in a Republican Senate—Dole, the designated chairman of the Senate Finance Committee said: 'Now is not the time to cut taxes!' He was part of the Kauffman-Greenspan-Stockman cabal trying to side-track the Reagan revolution right at the beginning. The worst thing I can think of about Dole is that he would thumb his nose at the electorate in that way."

Wanniski's prediction: "Dole may get more than 597 votes in New Hampshire, which is what he got when he ran for President in 1980. But then again he might not. Especially if he's peddling bitter medicine."

Hendrik Hertzberg's comments on Bob Dole's performance in the GOP "Firing Line" debate in Houston were so good that they are worth repeating (they first appeared in the *New Republic*). Hertzberg wrote that Dole "managed to convey a (to me) attractive impatience with the low company he was being forced to keep. He showed a similar subtle scorn for some of the positions he apparently believes himself obliged to take." On Strategic Defense, for example, Dole said that the Soviets "may be catching up, or whatever." Hertzberg comments: "That 'or whatever' was a nice contemptuous touch."

Nicely observed, Rick. You may have a point there about Dole.

For those who don't know him, Hendrik Hertzberg, a former editor of the *New Republic* and once Jimmy Carter's chief speechwriter, is a left-wing Democrat who would be the first to embrace the label. It's interesting, isn't it, that he detects in Dole an "impatience with the low company," meaning conservative company, that he is "forced to keep." Do people like Hertzberg and Anthony Lewis know something

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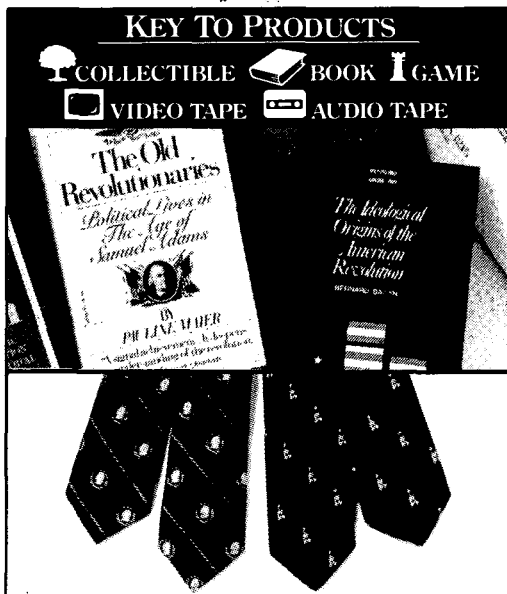
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about Dole that we don't know (yet)? That comment about "low company" brings to mind a remark by the Vice President's son, Neil Bush, speaking to the Gamma Delta Chi fraternity at Dartmouth recently. Neil Bush called Pat Robertson's supporters "cockroaches," who "issued from the baseboards of the Bible Belt," according to the *Dartmouth Review* of October 21.

For those who haven't noticed so far, there's a war on for control of the GOP, and what is so revealing is that the "moderates," typified by Dole, reserve by far their greatest scorn not for liberals or Democrats but for conservatives in their own party. This is because GOP moderates see the party as a high prestige jobs program for themselves; an arrangement that conservative Republicans threaten and liberal Democrats validate.

The conventional wisdom in Washington as I write is that George Bush will win the nomination and the presidency in 1988. According to Chuck Conconi's *Washington Post* column of November 4, about 100 political reporters and operatives "get together on an irregular basis at the home of electronic journalists Martin Plissner and Susan Morrison to poll themselves—the city's resident wise men of presidential politics. Among those at the latest poll-party were Republican National Committee Chairman Frank Fahrenkopf, columnists Mark Shields and Robert Walters, *L.A. Times* bureau chief Jack Nelson, and ABC White House correspondent Sam Donaldson." Bush won the poll with 62 votes, Dole was second with 26. Jack Kemp was picked as vice presidential nominee. (Dukakis and Gephardt came in first and second on the Democratic side, and by a two-to-one margin the wise men picked Bush to win next November.)

I record this as an interesting snapshot of conventional Beltway wisdom one year before the election. Maybe the wise men will prove to be correct. Jimmy Carter's election in 1976 was the last truly unexpected development in presidential politics. My own suspicion, nonetheless, is that on the Republican side Pat Robertson is going to do better than a lot of people think. Personally I am with the supply-siders in hoping that Jack Kemp wins the nomination. The supply-side hope is that the October market drop will have focused attention on the issue that they have never stopped emphasizing since Reagan's 1981 tax cut: the need for a gold-backed dollar and fixed exchange rates. In a world economy it is essential that we have a world currency. International trade cannot be "balanced" at national

borders by allowing currency values to soar or sink unpredictably in relationship to one another, any more than trade between New York and New Jersey would be possible if the two states had separate currencies of gyrating values.

Too many conservatives, hypnotized by the idea that the market should rule, believe that the market should also determine the value of the dollar. But

the dollar is the one thing whose value the market should not determine. It is the unit whereby the market's performance itself is measured. And so the dollar must be fixed, just as inch-markings on rulers must be fixed. They cannot fluctuate, or measurement itself is meaningless. As Kemp's aide, John Mueller put it, the definition of the inch cannot be determined by the number of rulers.

Jack Kemp understands this, and at the moment I think he is the only candidate in either party who does understand it. Pete du Pont, I am told, believes that the market should determine the value of the dollar.

How about Senator Bitter Medicine, champion of Deficit Reduction?

"I don't know anything about the dollar," he told those securities analysts. □

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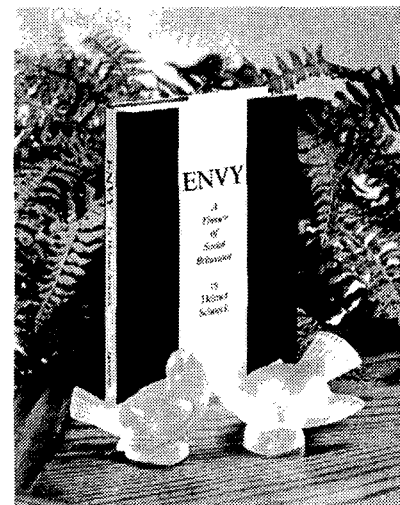
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David Brooks

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH

Behind the pagan response to Black Monday.

The economy will never be the same," a *New York Times* article declared. An editorial in that paper noted that we had crossed "a seam in history, a dividing line to a new era." *Time* magazine agreed: "the tenor of the times will never be the same." The *New Republic* editorialized that the pre-crash days were of "a previous era."

U.S. News & World Report raised the specter of a coming "recessionary wasteland, in which auto showrooms become empty of shoppers, home prices collapse, factory production slows and workers join the unemployment line." Economist Lester Thurow declared confidently that the capitalist economy had run out of steam. Douglas Ireland, writing in the *New York Observer*, a weekly for left-wingers who live on the upper-east side of Manhattan, summed it up: "Future generations, if there are any, will hereafter regard Oct. 19, 1987 as the date that marked indelibly the beginning of the end of the American Empire."

It has only been two months, but already the hysteria seems quaint. Looking back on the news coverage of that tumultuous week, Ronald Reagan comes out sounding the best. He said, "This is, I think, purely a stock market thing," words which were quoted derisively by the *New Republic*.

Hysterics around the country were feeding on hype. There was also the usual anti-Reagan bias and rich-envy (never underestimate the power of sadism, expressed by John Kenneth Galbraith: "Financial insanity can be a source of pure enjoyment"). But the mood after October 19 had more to it. People tend to predict what they prefer, and there was a certain gleeful cheer in the way many people embraced the coming doom. Power-hungry people enjoy cataclysm. Many liberals saw the coming of a new New Deal in the

declining Dow; socialists glimpsed the revolution—finally.

The old system had gone insane, the voices continued. Meg Greenfield spoke of an "animal terror" which stalked the nation during Black Monday, "the sort that makes your forehead clammy and causes grown men to quake in their boots . . ." Mortimer Zuckerman described a deranged mob psychology, market observers moralized about a speculative frenzy, and psychologists quoted in the news-magazines intoned about fickle herds of brokers.

A lot of observers said other people were irrational with fear, but none of them admitted that they themselves were. People on the street spoke instead of a sense of suspended animation as the market dropped its 508 points. Tim Conway of Martin Simpson sat at his computer, as he told a reporter, "quietly stunned by the intensity."

In newspaper account after newspaper account, Wall Streeters spoke of their humiliation. "It was humbling and humiliating," said George Kellner of Kellner, Dileo. The *Washington Post*

did an outstanding piece on how the crash treated Mark Mehl, director of stock trading at Drexel Burnham. "I was a superstar for four hours," he said of his maneuverings. "Then I was s---." By the end, he concluded, "the honest answer is, I've been humbled. And when I get humbled I stay quiet." Many of the brokers spoke of being awed by a force more powerful than they had imagined. "What does the market know that we don't?" Laszlo Birinyi, Jr., chief strategist of Salomon Brothers, wondered. In California, a young woman observed, "there seem to be outside forces that we can't, as individuals, control."

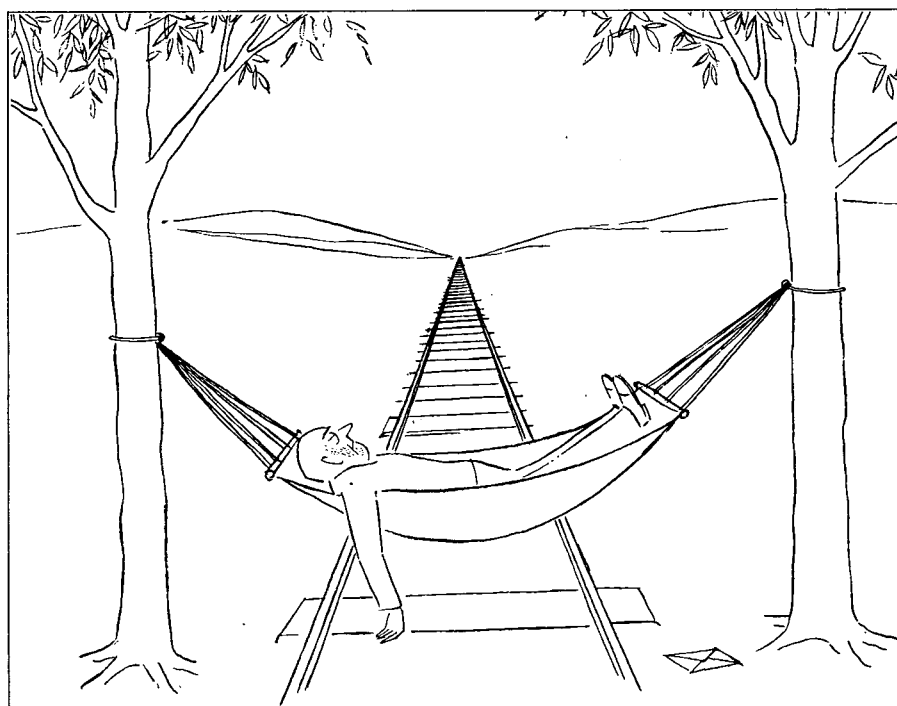
What was out there? There were of course economic explanations, which economists are arguing about and which are not the subject of this article. There was also a spiritual side to the crash and the way people reacted to it. When somewhere between \$400 billion and \$1 trillion exists at nine in the morning and then no longer exists by four that afternoon, you know

something metaphysical is going on.

Even in these days of index futures, options on stocks, and options on futures, investment is an act of hypothesis testing. Having collected data on a certain company and its stock performance, investors hypothesize about the future of its stock price. George Soros, one of the most intelligent fund managers, notes, "Financial markets operate on a principle that is somehow akin to scientific method." But Soros also recognizes that investors are crucially different from scientists. While scientists go to great lengths not to influence the outcome of their experiments, investors inject themselves into the experiment by putting their money down, thereby affecting or creating the outcome. One large investment drives a stock price up all by itself, and a number of smaller investments do the same. In the financial markets, hypotheses are self-fulfilling. By taking his money and leaping into the future, the investor contributes to the creation of value and wealth. When the market leaps as one community, when all its members buy together, the bull charges.

At some point during the morning of October 19, some important people looked at their screens and went "uh, oh." When somebody with massive holdings goes "uh, oh," a million dollars or so no longer exists. His subsequent sell orders merely reify that fact.

The crash was no doubt largely caused by measurable economic factors and possibly by the new market mechanisms that encourage speculation. But it wasn't economic news that so awed and humbled the brokers. It was the collective and massively destructive force of investors all over the world going "uh, oh." What's more, the mood changed not because people everywhere lost faith in the health of the economy, but because they temporarily lost faith in something more important—each other's faith in the



David Brooks is book editor at the Wall Street Journal.

health of the economy. John Maynard Keynes captured the way fluctuations in the wealth of the financial markets are determined by an endlessly reflexive pattern of hypotheses. He wrote: "The energies and skill of the professional investor and speculator [are devoted] . . . to anticipating what average opinion expects average opinion to be." To a large extent, average opinion constitutes wealth.

As Warren Brookes, among others, has noted, there is a fundamental split among people who think about economics. There are those in the tradition of Adam Smith and Jean-Baptiste Say, who believe wealth is metaphysical, the result of ideas, imagination, good habits, and hypotheses about the future, and there are those in the tradition of Thomas Malthus and Karl Marx, for whom wealth is primarily physical. The first group takes it for granted that wealth is, relatively speaking, unlimited, whereas for the poor souls in the second category, wealth is finite and justice is achieved by redistribution.

These latter materialists have a hard time seeing how hypotheses about the future can be organized by the financial markets to create wealth. When wealth disappears, as it did Black Monday, they assume something irrational must have taken place, and they talk, as Meg Greenfield did, about a terror, or about a mob psychology, as Mortimer Zuckerman did. To materialists, Wall Street is a casino, where money gets passed from the unlucky to the lucky and where some compulsives go insane with greed.

"People bet against each other just as they do in a poker game," E. L. Doctorow wrote shortly after the crash. "The money swirls around, changes hands and eventually in the early morning hours of the history of the Republic somebody at the table realizes that when the sun comes up he will actually have to go out and go to work." William Raspberry wrote a column after the crash entitled "The Lottery" in which he accused D.C. Congressman Walter Fauntroy of being a hypocrite for opposing the city's lottery while not opposing the stock market. "The only differences I can discern," Raspberry opined, "are that you don't have to have much money or sophistication to bet the numbers; that with the lottery unlike the market you know precisely how much you stand to win or lose . . ."

Well, that's right, Mr. Raspberry, because in the market, unlike in the numbers, the profits haven't been created yet.

Unfortunately, those who are allegedly this nation's spiritual leaders are among those most blind to the

spirituality of wealth. Martin Marty, the theologian from the University of Chicago, wrote after the crash that he had "a funny feeling" around office buildings. "You go past 15 or 20 miles of aluminum and steel and glass and you find people doing things in those buildings with paper." His impression is that nothing is being created. He

does not appreciate that knowledge is being created, ideas are being swapped, and as Black Monday demonstrated, ideas can be financially awesome. One wonders if Mr. Marty walks through his campus and sees nothing more than a bunch of students handing papers to a bunch of professors and then the professors handing them back.

Materialists have as hard a time understanding how wealth is created in the financial markets as they do trying to understand how it vanishes. They suspect witchcraft. After the crash Michael Dukakis stepped up his attacks on a morally corrupt Wall Street world that piles up "paper profits" (which are as easy to spend as the other

No trade-offs on trade

In the weeks since the stock market fell out of bed, economists and other experts have probed and prodded the patient from every conceivable angle to learn the cause of the malaise. Some have cried "Eureka!" and pointed to computerized trading, triple witching hours, puts and calls, and other esoterica familiar to only a relatively few ultrasophisticated investors. Others, whom we heartily endorse, have blamed the nation's horrendous budget deficit, and demanded that it be brought under control once and for all.

But even as the Congress and the Administration negotiate what we hope will be more than a budgetary Band-Aid, we'd like to offer them a reminder. Please, guys, keep your eye on the long-term implications for international trade, and the role of American industry in what's indisputably a worldwide marketplace.

No matter what their shares are selling for, American companies have to compete at home and overseas against companies from the rest of the world. (It was no accident that foreign stock exchanges followed America's on the downhill ride; there really is only one world out there.) If American industry is unable to compete effectively, more than paper losses are at risk. The inability to compete could mean the loss of American jobs, and a lower standard of living for Americans.

Here, then, are some points we feel belong high on the agenda of the planners of America's economic future:

- Eschew the siren song of protectionism. Trying to hunker down behind a wall of tariffs, import fees, and other trade barriers will only bring on retaliation and trade wars.

The U.S. tried that path when it enacted the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act shortly after the '29 crash, and worsened the Great Depression that soon followed. Congress, especially, should keep history's lesson in mind as it attempts to finalize a largely protectionist trade bill.

- Don't increase the income tax. American corporations already are paying more under tax reform—and these costs, for the most part, are passed along to consumers. American products are priced higher as a result, and that makes it tougher to compete both at home and abroad.

- Consider the relationship between savings, investment, and productivity. Americans already save far less than the West Germans or the Japanese, to cite just two examples. Out of a nation's savings pool comes the money to modernize plants and equipment, and out of better factories with better tools come better, lower-cost products. That's surely another key to a solid competitive stance.

- If added revenues do have to be raised after budget cuts are achieved, then consider a consumption tax—which we espoused for some time. Such a tax is an incentive to save, and thereby acts as a spur to capital investment and productivity.

Americans until recent times haven't paid as much attention to world trade and worldwide competition as some of the nations whose products have now become ubiquitous in this country as well as overseas. The stock market crash should have awakened us to the need to play catch-up. If it does, and if we tame the deficit at the same time, then even Black Monday, like a cloud of any hue, will have a silver lining.

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kind) "without producing a thing or creating a new job." Jesse Jackson expanded the "corporate greed" section of his stump speech after the crash. And suddenly people began anticipating the next movie by Oliver Stone (*Platoon*) entitled *Wall Street*, dealing with, you guessed it, venal brokers. It was open season on those immoral yuppies.

Wall Street, the materialists chorused, has been conjuring up phantoms of riches, and now it has dragged the rest of our decadent society over the brink. Now we will have to end our mad revelry, they continued. "It's Morning Again," was the title of an Anthony Lewis column. "Now it's the morning after," declared *Time* magazine. "Now, the joy ride is over," declared Hobart Rowen. "Morning in America" was the title of a Herblock cartoon. "Wake Up America" was *Business Week's* command, a full month after the crash.

After fifty-nine months of denying

the existence of a boom, these people suddenly were telling us the party had existed after all, but that it was now over. The *New Republic* went out of its way to boast that it had predicted "morning-after in America" on a cover story in October 1986. The editors were apparently unashamed that a full year after they predicted the end, the party was still going on. It goes on today, prompting reasonable people to realize that the party metaphor is misleading.

Some day, of course, the doomsayers will be right, as those who predict the inevitable tend to be eventually. The next recession will follow the longest peacetime recovery in U.S. history, but economic materialists will still pat themselves on the back for predicting it, and they will declare that it proves the bankruptcy of Reaganomics.

A recession is something they can really enjoy. Because their economic impulses are based on the idea that wealth is finite, their programs always involve a lot of self-sacrifice and suf-

fering. As novelist Susan Allen Toth wrote in the *New York Times* after the crash, she feels "oppressed" by her material well-being; if she didn't have so much wealth, the less fortunate would have more, she imagines. The "serious" response for these people is imposing discipline on themselves and others. The "serious" response to the crash was a tax hike. We must reduce consumption, they announced. Ever-consistent I. F. Stone wrote in the *Nation* that we needed to administer some "bitter medicine" to ourselves. Charlotte Saikowski of the *Christian Science Monitor* wrote that we might need another crash, because we hadn't suffered enough, or learned enough from the first one.

Much to Miss Saikowski's disappointment, I guess, another crash has not been forthcoming. The economy seems to be chugging along fine—growing a bit more slowly, perhaps, but growing nonetheless.

One of the crash's lasting effects is

that it exposed the shabbiness of the materialist economic vision. To materialists, the financial community is an ugly thing; they are prone to exaggerate its setbacks and its fears. They see nothing but the petty desires (which do indeed exist) and the greed. Images of screaming brokers, sweating traders, and litter-strewn gutters dominate their writing. Their view of the financial community is stingy, squalid, and ignoble.

Even on its darkest day, the market was wonderful and humbling. The millions of investors with different desires and ambitions, the different cultures of traders, brokers, messengers, newsletter writers, and fund managers, the ever-shifting hypotheses about the future—all of this is organized into an intricate system that, on the whole, works. No human being could have ever designed so intricate and beautiful a system. The markets are spiritual and resilient. Too bad so many people are willfully blind to their beauty. □

David Brock

DANNY ORTEGA'S AMERICAN JANISSARIES

They're probably his best defense against a U.S. invasion.

Managua

The first week of November was a big one for world Communism, as Messrs. Gorbachev, Honecker, Jaruzelski, and Castro gathered atop Lenin's tomb in Red Square to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the revolution that brought the Bolsheviks to power, and Nicaraguan strongman Daniel Ortega, with not inconsiderable energy, set about consolidating his. Ortega, of course, is not so firmly ensconced as his eminent mentors; his position, in fact, was so precarious that the Comandante de la Revolucion was compelled to leave his comrades in Moscow two days before the climactic event, the November 7 parade of tanks and missiles, to deliver a speech on peace in Managua that he would later call a watershed in his political career.

That Ortega's prospects are contingent more on the vagaries of international opinion than on the popular

support of Nicaraguans has long been a testament to the inherent weakness of his Marxist-Leninist project. Ortega's gambit was to announce concessions that would have a niggling effect on his hegemony at home but a titanic resonance on the world scene, generating enough momentum to Contadoraize the peace plan of Costa Rican President Oscar Arias. So when he ascended a wooden platform at dusk to exhort a throng of 30,000 Sandinistas in Revolution Plaza, the stage had been painstakingly choreographed for external consumption.

About 200 foreign reporters had been given credentials by the government's Interpren office to cover the event, paying \$25 each in their national currency. (With inflation at 1,000 percent, the government won't accept its own cordoba.) A "mass rally" had been convened, though most all of those gathered were Sandinista Popular Army soldiers, appearing very much the wild-eyed, grisly guerrillas of San-

dinista lore. Several of those not in uniform wore T-shirts with the internationalist epigram: "Aquino is not the answer. Solidarity with the New People's Army."

The press stood on a platform directly in front of, but somewhat below, Ortega's. Several dozen Sandinistas coached to display revolutionary euphoria—including most of the women in the crowd—surrounded the press, waving red and black Sandinista National Liberation Front flags and running frenzied circles around one another. The press was gently nudged by Comandante Tomas Borge's secret police (officially "the sentinels of the people's happiness") to photograph this unrepresentative spectacle and record their chant: "Fight against the Yanqui, enemy of all humanity." The rest of the crowd was far less engaged in the matter at hand; they made human pyramids, smoked marijuana, and began trailing off soon after Ortega started speaking.

But these pyrotechnics of peace were after all of marginal import. For the most obvious and distressing revelation on a Nicaraguan tour—more than what Nicaraguans call *la razzia*, the ravaging of bodies, minds, and spirits that the Sandinista revolution has wrought, more even than the extent of the toilet paper shortage—is that most foreign visitors here need none of Ortega's petulant preaching. They are already converted to his cause.

Arriving at the air-conditioned offices of Interpren, where the foreign press corps had gathered for an appropriate snack of animal crackers and cherry soda before being taken to hear Ortega, one instantly spotted the *de rigueur* attire for covering an FSLN rally: red and black. More than one quarter of the press had chosen to express its support for the Sandinistas in this fashion. There was the rotund Canadian television reporter in a red

David Brock is a writer for *Insight* magazine.

and black polo shirt and the svelte Australian magazine writer in a red jumpsuit and black tank-top. Others donned simple red and black wrist bands.

Bias is one of the few abundant commodities in Managua, though among Americans it manifests itself in more politically acceptable anti-contra, rather than pro-Sandinista, sentiments. Lucy Siegel, a reporter for CBS News, told me flat out: "Personally, I think the contras are worthless." The CBS Managua bureau is not known for subtlety; the bureau producer, Courtney "Cookie" Hood, has acknowledged entertaining Borge, the interior minister, in the hotel room where she resides. And such unseemliness is not the sole province of CBS: Rod Nordland, the author of a highly critical *Newsweek* story on the contras in June, was keeping house at the time with a woman reporter for *Barricada*, the official FSLN daily. Gone, one supposes, are the good old days of adversarial reporting so dutifully practiced when Anastasio Somoza ruled.

On November 4, the night before the Arias plan's deadline, ABC's Richard Threlkeld filed a breathlessly enthusiastic story on steps already undertaken by the Sandinistas to comply with the plan, even though only the reopening of the opposition newspaper *La Prensa* could qualify as a positive move. The *New York Times*'s Stephen Kinzer put the best face possible on Ortega's speech the next day, describing his proposal to negotiate a technical cease-fire as a "dramatic reversal." Ortega, though, had not moved a bit from the slogans on FSLN banners that had festooned the city days before: "Political Dialogue: Never! Never! Never!" and "No General Amnesty." Readers of Kinzer's report would not know that Ortega had also rescinded the government's declared cease-fire, giving the contras 48 hours to lay down their arms or "we are going to go after them with sticks and lead," or that he had reactivated the *turbas divinas*, thugs paid by the government to harass the internal political opposition.

The next night, NBC aired a report on Ortega's invitation to Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo to mediate the cease-fire talks. Ramiro Gurdian, identified as "one of Ortega's most uncompromising critics," was shown praising this "positive step." The next morning Gurdian told me: "That's the trouble with the foreign press. I said it was a positive step, but that the Sandinistas had not complied with any of the other parts of the plan. The second part got cut."

Disillusioned with the Soviet Union, China, Vietnam, and

maybe even Cuba, foreign correspondents and political pilgrims the world over now head to Managua, clad in the latest camouflage gear from Banana Republic, in the hope of finding a genuinely liberating people's revolution, a nation searching for self-determination and social justice. In the wicker-laden lobby of the famed Intercontinental Hotel, known as the media bazaar, one might spot Warren Beatty or Richard Gere being escorted by a free-lance tour guide like Dr. Charles Clements, chair-

That Ortega's prospects are contingent more on the vagaries of international opinion than on the popular support of Nicaraguans has long been a testament to the inherent weakness of his Marxist-Leninist project.

man of Pax Americas, a pro-Sandinista lobby. (Clements also identifies himself as a consultant to Rep. David Bonior, the Michigan Democrat who has received \$5,000 in campaign contributions from Pax Americas.) Such tours are carefully coordinated with the government to show what it wants seen: model cooperatives, model schools, and model hospitals as well as sites of alleged contra atrocities. Not on the schedule are local supermarkets where people wait all day to scan nearly bare shelves, or the underground solitary confinement prisons that house 10,000 political dissenters, or the burned-out villages of Miskito Indians.

Borge, the Sandinista disinformation wizard, receives journalists in a modest house used only for this purpose and religious delegations in a special office adorned with crucifixes. He approves the itineraries of foreign visitors so that he may dispatch police to neighborhoods on the agenda to lock up "potential enemies" and form "casual encounter teams"—police posing as content local residents. Despite this, most visitors get a dose of reality when they see the massive hard-currency mall and elaborate nightclubs frequented by Sandinista officials, as well as their lush residential suburb, reached by driving past ten miles of the shabbiest housing one is likely to see in Latin America; but they politely choose not to talk about it. Nor do they seem to want to talk about the few bookstores in Managua, all of which display large portraits of Marx, Lenin, Castro, and Qaddafi and offer no books published outside the Communist bloc. And what are they to make of the large contingent of Russians, East Germans, Bulgarians, Cubans, and Libyans one is likely to encounter shuffling through government offices and hotels?

This week in November neither Gere

nor Beatty was to be found. The only hunk in town was New York Mayor Ed Koch. Hizzoner was leading a tour of nine New Yorkers, and they seemed to do a better job than most of getting past the government's staged events. Koch met with Violetta Chamorro, the editor of *La Prensa*, and held a press conference with anti-Sandinista activists of the Democratic Coordinating Committee. (Political parties are not allowed to function otherwise, but they may hold press conferences.) Later in

plicably, the chairman of the Senate's Central American Negotiations Observer Group. Dodd, as well as scores of foreign aid officials from so-called neutralist countries like the Netherlands, Sweden, and Switzerland, have descended upon Managua, frantically advising Ortega on the minimum steps he must take to remain in their good graces. They are easily pleased. (William LeoGrande, the oft-quoted Latinist of American University, was recently overheard at poolside at the Intercontinental, advising the comandantes to stall through negotiations until Reagan leaves office. Then, with a Democrat in the White House, "you can do anything you want.")

Another large contingent of visitors in Nicaragua does not attempt to create the semblance of objectivity. They come under the sponsorship of groups like Witness for Peace, formed in 1983 with the explicit endorsement of Borge, and spend up to three weeks teaching in schools, working on state-owned farms harvesting coffee and sugar cane, painting revolutionary murals on the sides of buildings, and holding vigils alongside Sandinista soldiers to repel contra attacks. An estimated 100,000 Americans have taken such political tours of Nicaragua, and thousands more have come in international labor brigades from Canada, Sweden, Finland, West Germany, and Spain. Though production here is less than three-quarters what it was in 1978, these well-heeled volunteers, paying up to \$2,000 each to make the trip, enable the economy to limp along, replacing the young men who have been drafted in unprecedented numbers into a Sandinista army that is larger than the armies of all the other Central American nations combined.

The Nicaragua Exchange—the source of the "come join the harvest" ads in the *Nation*—has sent about



3,000 Americans to Nicaragua. Upon returning, they are asked to "please get your story, whatever it may be, into the papers, on the radio, on TV." The Exchange also tells them how to raise tax-deductible (Spitz, are you blushing?) contributions for the Sandinistas from their friends. A group called Quest for Peace has already raised \$50 million in aid that inevitably is put to military use.

The Americans are a particular source of pride for the Sandinistas, allowing them to argue that only Ronald Reagan, not the U.S. public, has a beef with them. In addition, the comandantes are said to be convinced that the U.S. would not contemplate pulling a Grenada in Nicaragua so long as there are so many Americans here—

from 1,000 to 2,000 at any given moment. The Americans also are used to undermine U.S. foreign policy more directly. Sandinista cooperatives, which attract many American volunteers, serve a dual purpose: many members are armed and receive military training, making them legitimate targets for the contras. But when an American is killed—as was Benjamin Linder, himself armed with a Soviet AK-47 rifle, last spring—the Sandinistas cynically turn it into a propaganda coup.

Linder was one of a growing number of "sandalistas," Americans who go to Nicaragua not to visit, but to live and work and even fight. The

upper echelons of the Sandinista Front are full of such people—Miguel d'Escoto, the foreign minister; Paul Atha, a special assistant to Borge; Robert Vargas of the Sandinista Department of Agitation and Propaganda; and scores of Maryknoll nuns. These expatriates, who understand well the American political system, are engaged in an international campaign of deception to choke off supplies to the contras and to ensure peace—on Sandinista terms.

On the plane from Miami to Managua, a student from the University of Oregon told me he was about to spend a few weeks in Nicaragua working for the Sandinistas as part of a class project. He had been there a year ago, on

a Witness for Peace tour, and assured me I would be amazed to see the new Nicaragua. And amazed I was, at the wide chasm between this American's stunning misapprehension of Sandinista Nicaragua and the feelings of every Nicaraguan I talked with who actually lives here, composing the one group not disposed to spontaneous self-deception, Sandinista manipulation, utopia-seeking, or just plain hatred of America. On the flight back to Miami, my seatmate, a middle-aged Nicaraguan woman off to visit her children who have gone to Miami to live, asked me, "When are you Americans going to help us?" Then, lapsing into Spanish, she said, "*Rambo es bueno.*" □

Micah Morrison

HARNESSING THE ENERGY OF THE FORMER NEW LEFT

David Horowitz and Peter Collier should hold their next conference in Moscow.

This is a tale of two conferences. From the moment I spotted a well-known mad-dog English journalist making weird and dangerous noises in the corner of the hotel lobby I suspected I was not in for one of your average intellectual conclaves. I realized too late that I had left my Mace back in New York City. Like many at the conference, I might have enjoyed a few moments of sick satisfaction at seeing this leftist purveyor of neo-Stalinist factoids retching all over his rumpled summer suit. Luckily, the sod veered out of my path. I descended a waterfall-flanked escalator. Deep in the bowels of the Grand Hyatt Hotel a piano player in white tails was tinkling the ivories on a toy island moored in a pool of blue water.

It was Washington and it was October, and a bunch of prominent former New Lefties had gathered to renounce the sins of the sixties and consider what to do next. Politically, where were they? Were they conservatives, neo or otherwise? Were they infantile leftists turned inside-out? Were they for real? No one

was quite sure where the ideologically rag-tag bunch could be slotted on the political spectrum of the eighties. "They have all had profound second thoughts about the 60s Left and their role in it," blurbed the pre-conference promo material, "about the damaging

consequences of radical politics on their own lives and the life of the nation."

Participants at the Second Thoughts Conference, a project of the National Forum Foundation, included conference organizers Peter Collier and David

Horowitz, former co-editors of *Ramparts*, the leading New Left publication of the sixties; film critic Michael Medved, former chairman of the Vietnam Moratorium of Connecticut; author Joshua Muravchik, in another life the national chairman of the Young People's Socialist League; poet and writer Stephen Schwartz, founder of the Young Communist League; Bruce Cameron, past legislative director of Americans for Democratic Action; and a host of others, including gonzo conservative P. J. O'Rourke and former Saigon anti-war activist Doan Van Toai.

The Nicaraguan ex-left was represented by, among others, Xavier Arguello, former general-secretary of the Sandinista Ministry of Culture and Arturo Cruz, Jr., past chief adviser to the Sandinista ministries of Economic Planning and Foreign Affairs. A neocon "panel of elders," moderated by *New Republic* editor Martin Peretz, was included, apparently to provide sanctification for the procession of ex-left penitents. Also present was Fausto Amador, the founder, along with his half-brother Carlos Fonseca, of the Sandinista Front; Nicaragua experts Ronald Radosh and Robert Leiken—two gentlemen who had been hailed by



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the left when their conclusions met the radical agenda and castigated by their erstwhile allies when they later concluded that the evidence pointed toward Communist tyranny in Managua; writers Julius Lester and Stanley Crouch; Harvard's Glenn Loury; and Michael Novak, director of Social and Political Studies at the American Enterprise Institute. Noteworthy among the press covering the conference was a cabal of hard left journalists which delivered itself of much snickering and guffaws during the proceedings and was, in turn, occasionally pilloried by the panelists and booed by the audience. Staid and scholarly the weekend wasn't.

Strange and sometimes moving it was: a mixture of smug preening, earnest self-criticism, old-fashioned penance, self-aggrandizement, hilarity, drama, and bathos. "Second thoughts" was the leitmotif, and the National Forum Foundation thoughtfully provided a bound volume of participant confessions.

Michael Medved, for example, noted that his "second thoughts" about his role in the radical politics of the sixties began with the Yom Kippur War of 1973. "This situation"—Israel's deep losses in the opening days of the war—"forced me to confront a fact that I had never before been willing to accept: that freedom, security, and ultimately survival depend on military power." Medved, who is Jewish and found himself increasingly drawn to religious tradition, discovered a painful irony in the fact that the giant C-5A transport plane, a military expenditure he had opposed and ridiculed as a flagrant waste of the taxpayer's money, was the only aircraft capable of resupplying the struggling democracy with the equipment it needed to survive.

But like many of his colleagues at the conference, the true turning point came a couple of years later, as Saigon fell, insanity was unleashed in Cambodia, and millions fled the region:

I couldn't accept the notion that [the refugees] were all guilty pro-Western collaborators, or foolish victims of CIA propaganda. As events unfolded, and reports of widespread suffering and bloodshed became harder and harder to deny, I felt that those of us who had participated in the anti-war movement had a moral obligation to admit that we had been profoundly wrong concerning the postwar future of Southeast Asia and the nature of the Vietnamese and Cambodian Communists.

Youthful idealism betrayed, eyes opened, new convictions replacing old—stories of second thoughts dominated the opening of the conference. The attending crowd, however, was not high-charged with enthusiasm. Having

second thoughts about Communism in the penultimate decade of the twentieth century struck many as just a bit too late. The tone of some of the confessions also irritated many in the audience. "They seem awfully proud of themselves," one person remarked after hearing a few born-again tales.

More trouble came with the Nicaragua panels. Luncheon speakers and panelists from Nicaragua spoke of a revolution lost to the Communists and their own blind anti-Americanism. Nicaragua experts Leiken and Radosh told of their colleagues' reactions when they began to condemn the Sandinista revolution. Moving against the liberal-left mainstream has consequences,

"They seem awfully proud of themselves," one person remarked after hearing a few born-again tales.

Leiken warned. For instance, you can find yourself out of a job. Then panelist Bruce Cameron, a Washington lobbyist, rose to make one of those pathetic confessions that immediately become the stuff of left-wing mythology. Two years ago, Cameron was a key figure in swinging a few important Democratic votes behind contra aid. He was a respected liberal and the Democrats trusted him. Now he was having "third thoughts." The contras, he had come to conclude, were a U.S. creation and hence untenable as a force for change; he added that he had "a parenthetical remark" to make at the end of his speech. Sweating and nervous, Cameron said the contras should be viewed in the same light as the RENAMO guerrillas fighting the government of Mozambique—in other words, as a brutal, murderous band of thugs created and supplied by an outside power. Yes, he said, he had indeed been out of a job for over two years, but now he had one. His parenthetical remark was that he now worked as a lobbyist on behalf of the People's Republic of Mozambique.

After a moment of shocked silence, angry shouts broke from several spots in the room. I thought it took courage and a certain amount of crazed desperation to make such an announcement before such a crowd, and later I spoke to one of Cameron's friends. The friend said that Cameron was in a difficult position. He had worked closely with Spitz Channell and Ollie North on contra aid, and he had staked his personal credibility on the issue. He felt that North and Channell had lied to him, manipulated him, betrayed him. Now he was backed into a corner, wounded by Iran-contra revelations, without money and cut off from most

of his former colleagues. So he was, in effect, converting again, publicly.

"Conversion" is not an inappropriate trope for the entire weekend: Forgive us, fathers, for we have sinned. We lived in Darkness but now we see The Light. Michael Novak would later obliquely comment on the shrouded messianism of the proceedings—indeed of much of political life today—by noting that when people have a strong sense of God in the world (certainly not a salient feature of our times) they don't need politics to be their religion.

But the passion play was not over, and it was not following anybody's

script. After a hilarious dinner speech by the inimitable P. J. O'Rourke, in which he related his experiences publishing a Baltimore underground magazine called *Harry* and the attempt of a nefarious Maoist cell known as the Balto Cong to take it over, the second thinkers settled in for what some evidently expected to be a series of blessings from a neoconservative "panel of elders." After all, these were the very people who had been on the liberal-left a generation or more earlier, who had warned of Communism and blind anti-Americanism, who had taken a dim view of the antics of the counterculture and written about the damage it was causing; the very people pilloried by the New Lefties at a time when they had never thought about having a second thought. Who better to administer benediction?

On the panel: Hilton Kramer of the *New Criterion*, Norman Podhoretz of *Commentary*, Irving Kristol of the *Public Interest*, and William Phillips of *Partisan Review*. Martin Peretz was moderator. Forgiveness was not in the air. I was sitting toward the back, at a table of libertarians who had come to observe the odd behavior of their East Coast cousins. Behind me, the table of hard lefties, led by the twitching Englishman with a *Washington Post* reporter in tow, was yukking it up. Hilton Kramer took the podium and let go with a blast: leftists, libertarians, second thinkers were made mute by the bitter force of Kramer's condemnation. The previous sessions, he said, were yet another display of the "incredible smugness and spiritual vanity which was so suffocating to many of us in the sixties." The counterculture had been "morally catastrophic. . . . You were all immoralists, and we are all paying the

price for the agenda you let loose." Kramer slammed the utterly bogus air of smug moral superiority that characterized the sixties and has spread deep and wide in the culture today. Their vanity had been their undoing, he said, and nothing had changed.

The other panelists largely seconded Kramer's remarks. The lefties behind me soon recovered their balance and hurled sneers and snickers at random moments. The folks at my table were not comfortable. They were visibly agitated by Kramer's remarks, although this may have had as much (or more) to do with the tone of his comments as with the content. It may also have had something to do with Peretz who, when recounting his "own problems" with conservatism, referred to libertarianism as "the enthronement of greed." Those damn New Yorkers, a woman at the table exclaimed, they never get out to see how the rest of the country thinks! Some nerve!

The neocon panel was not the last unexpected twist in the weekend. There was, for example, the appearance of Stanley Crouch, a black writer and critic whose work is featured in the left-wing *Village Voice*. Crouch said he was surprised to find out that conservatives are fun and lively people, not just "the humorless drones you see on TV." Crouch spoke of his travels through American cities, of the many black people deeply distressed by teenage pregnancy, crime, drug use, illiteracy—many of whom agree with a healthy part of the right's positions on these issues but balk at the label "conservative." Apparently never having heard of Jack Kemp, he said that conservatives needed an "outreach policy" that would engage the black and Hispanic communities, a policy that worked against "defeatist cynicism" and helped people "engage themselves in their own fate."

I wondered about the nature of active engagement as I left the hotel. What about the second thinkers and their new politics? Are they a sign of changing attitudes in the Baby Boom generation? Do they bring a message to conservatives in America? It was a cool day, just past the crisp cusp of autumn, and I found myself at Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House. The man in that house, I thought, was a shock from which the liberal-left never really recovered, even after seven years. I thought about my friends, all of them of the generation of the second thinkers, all from a liberal-left background, as I am. I had spent most of the Reagan years, from 1980 to 1985, outside the United States and when I returned it seemed that nearly all of my friends were repeating

exactly the same meaningless clichés about the Reagan Administration from years earlier: that he is a racist monster, that fear of Communism is ridiculous, that the Justice Department is run by fascist ogres bent on installing a police state, etc. Nothing had changed, no modulation, no sense of reality and its tragic constraints had entered into their thinking.

It is becoming increasingly clear that this is a generation of educated know-nothings; that is, a generation dangerously isolated from the world and its history, and Reaganism is the willed nightmare they do not wish to wake from. But it is the post-Reagan conservative agenda, particularly its cultural aspects, where the second thinkers might aid conservatives by drawing in others of their generation. Hilton Kramer was right about the moral damage wrought by the counterculture, yet the fact that the second thinkers were in the room listening to Kramer suggests that they realize he is right. As the Reagan years become a thing of the past maybe the enormous denial triggered by the conservative movie star from California will fade too, leaving more room for second thoughts. With Reagan gone, liberals of various sorts may find themselves drawn into the lively debates on the conservative side. The second thoughts people can make an important contribution to those debates, and that's one reason why they should be welcomed.

So I had heard what the reformed New Left had to say. A week later, I was back in New York listening to another type of intellectual—former Communists and dissidents (many exiled, some not) from the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, China, and various satellites of the Communist world. By the end of the weekend I chanced upon what seems to be some ignored com-

mon ground between the groups represented at the two conferences.

The New York conference of the Foreign Policy Research Institute dealt not with shifts in personal political outlooks but with changes in the Communist world. What are the strengths and weaknesses of Communist states seventy years after the October Revolution? Can Communist regimes reform? If so, how much? What are the roles of unofficial movements and critical intellectuals in Communist regimes?

The conference was, primarily, an exchange of inside-views of Communist states and thoughts about the future. Among the participants were Carlos Franqui, author of *Family Portrait with Fidel* and a former buddy of the Cuban dictator; Humberto Belli, former editorial page editor of *La Prensa* and an important figure in Nicaragua until his break with Sandinismo; Hungarian philosopher Ferenc Feher, exiled in New York; Edward Kuznetsov, a dissident who spent over fifteen years in Soviet jails; novelist Jerzy Kosinski; Antonim Liehm, one of the intellectual leaders of the Prague Spring; Ni Yuxian, jailed for criticizing Mao and presently a researcher at Columbia University; Jean Pasqualini, a French-Chinese journalist who spent seven years in Chinese prisons and chronicled the experience in his book *Prisoner of Mao*; Doan Van Toai, the Vietnamese anti-war activist who spoke at the Second Thoughts Conference; and Alexander Zinoviev, the Soviet novelist and philosopher.¹

¹Space does not permit a full listing of participants nor a full account of the proceedings. The Foreign Policy Research Institute has recently embarked on several ambitious projects under its energetic new director, Daniel Pipes. It promises a book based on the weekend's presentations and offers as well a number of interesting and timely publications: 3508 Market Street, Science Center/Philadelphia, PA 19104.

A rough poll of the speakers indicated some optimism about the long-term outlook for Communism's collapse (in, say, 100 years) and strong pessimism about the chances for significant reform in the short term. Gorbachevian openness and restructuring was at the forefront of discussion. Many of the participants warned the West about Gorbo's new policies. Zinoviev, the great Soviet writer, castigated the West for its delight with *glasnost*. All the lessons of the past have been forgotten, he said. "Harmony between deceiver and deceived has been achieved."

Gorbachev seeks this harmony because he needs, among other things, Western trade credits and Western technology. Ivan Svitak, a Czech philosopher whose ideas played a role in inspiring the Prague Spring, called *glasnost* and *perestroika* "new con-

da, but not even a giant like Solzhenitsyn succeeded in reaching the American mind with the simple truth about Russian reality. So the Soviets continue with suppressions of human rights but present themselves as heirs of European humanism; they militarize their society in an unprecedented way, but offer peaceful, even pacifist initiatives; they built the empire by ruthless means but accuse others of imperialism; they introduce new concepts of pluralism and democracy, although the monopoly of centralized power has not changed at all; and now, *perestroika* and *glasnost* with unknown content is a depository for new hopes in an improvement, which will not come. What is dangerous are not Gorbachev's deceptive moves, but the new wave of self-deceptions entertained by peaceful and honest American gentlemen, who are deceiving themselves. They believe in freedom and human rights, but assume it is their duty to meet the Russians halfway, and so they sink into the morass of their deceptive half-truths.

Restructuring, or the lack of it, was considered in the cases of other Com-

But it is the post-Reagan conservative agenda, particularly its cultural aspects, where the second thinkers might aid conservatives by drawing in others of their generation.

cealed trap doors built into other trap doors." The trap doors are readied for the nations of Eastern Europe as well, each of which approaches the new Soviet line with its own blend of wariness and eagerness. Soviet workers, Svitak wrote in a paper prepared for the conference, "are supposed to accept abstinence and unemployment as a new triumph on the road to Communism, sponsored by Western bankers. . . . However, the most important trap is designed for the trusting liberals of the West, who are ready to cooperate in their own suicide.

Glasnost is simply a sophisticated system of trap doors in which the good-will visitors fall from one level of fraud into another while they are offered an illusion of change, which in reality does not take place at all. *Glasnost* is an ideology of reform without actual reforms, while the *perestroika* is just the old Stalinism, polished on the surface to provide Western acceptance for the Politburo of Potemkins, who conceal the flaws in their imperial ambitions as skillfully as their Czarist master teacher two centuries ago. The Soviet power elite has never ceased to think in terms of their own monopoly of power.

What is really dangerous are the self-deceptions about the character of the changes in the USSR to which the American press succumbs with the regularity of a menstrual cycle. The only difference is in the regrettable circumstance that the investigative (imaginative) reporters are suffering from premenstrual syndrome permanently. . . . So the media, and then Western public opinion, is increasingly accepting the Soviet propaganda as if it were the truthful image of Soviet goals! This naiveté is ridiculous to every émigré who knows the systematic lies of any propagan-

dist countries, particularly China. Participants on the China panel appeared more optimistic about the future. China is much further down the road of economic reform. "I have seen the post-Communist future," announced panel moderator Arthur Waldron of Princeton University. "It's China." Just exactly what the post-Communist future will look like, or when it will come to pass, was not spelled out. Unlike the Soviet Union, it was pointed out, in China the economic reforms have been more or less locked into place and the country is moving fast down an uncertain path.

In Cuba, said the exiled Cuban journalist Carlos Montaner, there was a consensus among the elite that the economic system was not working; that Cuban dependence on Soviet subsidies was a disaster; that the aging of the Cuban leadership circle foreshadowed an uncertain future; that fighting the African wars was growing increasingly unpopular; that the U.S.-sponsored Radio Marti broadcasts posed a serious problem for Cuba's domestic propaganda efforts; and that Gorbachev's reformism, whatever its mixture of rhetoric and reality, could bring trouble to the rulers of the island nation. Still, Montaner was not optimistic about the future. The Cuban police state stretches through every part of society and opposition forces have been destroyed.

In short, there was general agreement that Comrade Gorbo had started *something*, that each Communist country was reacting to this in a slightly dif-



ferent way, and that all the rulers were bent on preserving the central power of the police state while attempting to improve economic performance. Communist economics, it was agreed, was viewed in ruling circles as a flop. China appears to be ahead of the others in the economic experiment and it is being closely watched. The East Europeans had seen other "thaws" and were not optimistic, yet they noted that there might be some more room for the various dissident groups to maneuver from "below" while the rulers sought to introduce economic "reform" from "above." There were, in addition, a few halfhearted calls for greater coordination and exchange of information between the networks of dissidents and critical intellectuals.

Doan Van Toai talked in New York about the opportunities for fighting Communism and the restraints the U.S. operated under. American power, he noted, is limited by its ethical strength. Americans won't support long, Communist-type war strategies—the fighting that grinds slowly on for years, draining the resources of the society, wrecking the economy, starving the people. The way the Communists fought the war in Vietnam, for example. Americans need to study and explore ways to expand the ideological war for democracy, not against Communism. He cited the National Endowment for Democracy and the need to expand its budget and activities.

Listening to Doan Van Toai, I recalled some of the remarks of the second thinkers. They too spoke of the need to reshape the rhetoric of the debate, of finding a "positive approach" to anti-Communism, of finding role models and, indeed, heroes on which to shape a campaign for a better world. Looking around the meeting room twenty-six floors over New York City, I thought: Well, here are their heroes. Here are the people who fought Communism from inside, fought it for long years, went to jail, lost their jobs, were exiled from their homes and their languages, in some cases lost everything, everything.

But they are also an aging generation and in New York they appeared somewhat burned-out: long on experience but short on energy. The second thoughts people seemed just the opposite: relatively short on experience but full of energy. In other words, what the older dissidents lack, the generation of the second thinkers has. The problem, of course, is that 99 percent of the generation of the second thinkers apparently doesn't give a damn about anything. The question then becomes, can they be roused to fight for freedom?

I remember interviewing an Israeli officer during the Lebanon War and asking him about the many American liberals who were publicly rending their garments over Israel's actions. Did this disturb the American-born officer? He was not perturbed. It was nothing, he said, that wouldn't be cured by a week in Tehran.

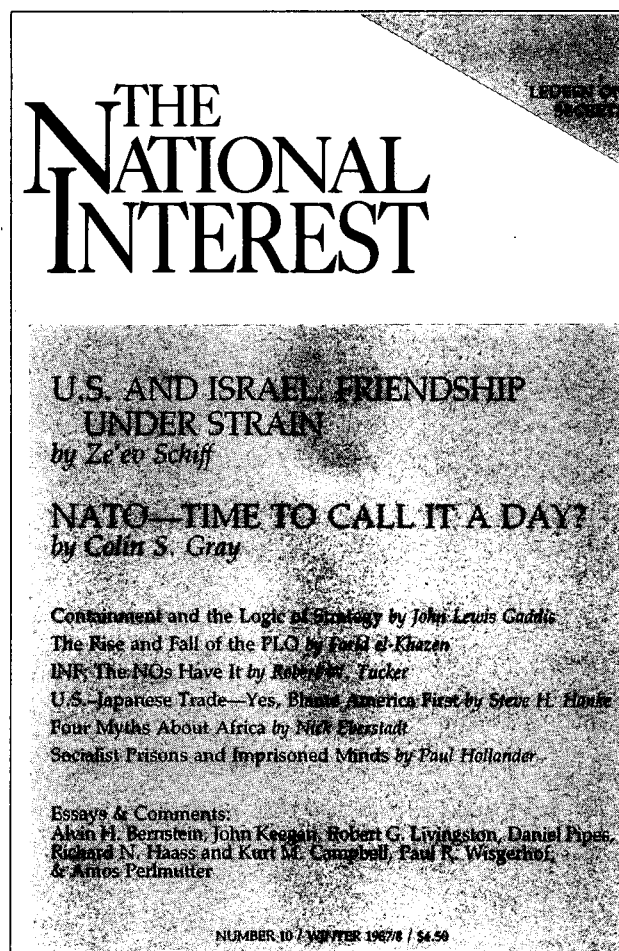
This of course is an old story, but conservatives can give it a new twist. In the fight against Communism, so much of which in a democracy depends on public perceptions and public support, it might help to send a lot of our people "to Tehran." If Gorbachev is intent on appearing to change the rules of the game with openness and restructuring, why should the West continue to use only the old models for protesting human rights abuses? Why not do a little restructuring of our own and add to these models? Why not draw on the cunning of the exiles, and non-government funds, to see if *glasnost* is real or a facade? A great wealth of information about the nature and methods of Communist oppression exists among dissidents in this country. But they appear to be scattered all over America, lacking both a cohesive network of supporters and political weight. Sending some of our boys and girls to Moscow and Peking and Prague and Budapest—trips preceded by, say, a series of workshops by dissident intellectuals and country experts—might just help to build grassroots support for the peoples of the Captive Nations and possibly help rouse among our own youth a greater appreciation for democratic culture.

The idea is not as far-fetched as it might first appear. Some young conservatives are already getting a first-hand look at the situation in Nicaragua. Organizing exiled dissidents and tapping into their knowledge of the strengths and weaknesses of totalitarian societies, putting them forward as role models, sending people immunized against Potemkinitis to see Communist lands and meet with dissident groups, shaping a more critical view of *glasnost*—these are some possible activities for Second Thoughts organizers Horowitz and Collier and their little movement. The already established young conservative groups would be a good starting point for our college-age kids, Baby Boomers latent with second-thinking, and the exiled dissidents.

A positive approach to anti-Communism? Perhaps. At the least, each visitor not enthralled by the progressive workers' state might lend a bit of hope to the citizens of that state—hope that the Americans might be growing a little less naive, hope that the children of the West have not abandoned them. □

THE NATIONAL INTEREST

WINTER ISSUE



Ze'ev Schiff

"...among Israeli leaders, and more specifically in the bureaucracy, there are those who take U.S.-Israeli relations for granted, something that needs no nurturing or care...."

Colin S. Gray

"A potentially very serious, even terminal, political problem lurks in the realm of 'burden sharing.'"

Steve H. Hanke

"...the President will have to tell the American people an untold tale, one in which the Americans, not the Japanese, are cast as the villains."

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William Tucker

CUOMO FOR PRESIDENT?

What it will mean if this family man makes it official.

It was a few days before the 1982 New York gubernatorial elections. Lieutenant governor Mario Cuomo and maverick Republican Lewis Lehrman were locked in a fierce election campaign. Now they were facing each other in a debate before more than a hundred newspaper reporters.

Cuomo is an exquisite debater and was besting Lehrman on the issues, but still hadn't managed to put him away. Then, as the time wore down, Cuomo began to employ the old debater's trick of simply ignoring the clock and over-speaking his time. On and on he went, while Lehrman made fruitless appeals to the judges.

Finally, in exasperation, Lehrman strode across the podium, shoved his watch in front of Cuomo's face, and said: "Time! Your time is up!"

Cuomo glanced at Lehrman's wrist. "My, that's an expensive watch you're wearing," he said, and went right on talking. The roomful of reporters cracked up. "No contest," they declared in the papers the next day. Cuomo had made Lehrman look like a schoolboy. A few days later, Cuomo squeaked through in a heavily Democratic state with 53 percent of the vote.

And so began, only five years ago, the successful electoral career of the man who is now, by all odds, the leading Democratic candidate for President of the United States. Watching Cuomo dwarf the entire field of Democratic candidates without even running, one is hard put to remember that this man once lost a primary to Mary Ann Krupsak.

Yet Cuomo's ascendancy is no fluke. Pollster Pat Caddell has likened him to Sandy Koufax sitting on the Los Angeles Dodgers' bench during the early sixties. "Everybody knew he had a great fastball—tremendous potential—but he couldn't put it all together. Then suddenly it was all there. Almost

overnight, Cuomo has turned into one of the most awesome candidates I've ever encountered."

What does Cuomo have going for him? An encyclopedic intelligence, a trial lawyer's eloquence, a stand-up comic's sense of timing—plus a combativeness that probably hasn't yet been revved up to one-third of its potential. Make no mistake, Cuomo plays a rough game—far rougher than anything that has been seen in Washington for some time. He has already taken some nice shots at George Bush ("I hear he was an ambassador at age 11") and even suggested to a Soviet official that the Soviets were rooting for Bush because "he'd be an easy guy for you to push around." At full speed, Cuomo could be a very tough candidate indeed in 1988.

Nor will there be any cheap and easy shots to knock him off the track. Cuomo has no "mafia past," as so many people seem to suspect. As organized-crime expert Nicholas Pileggi recently reported in an exhaustive investigation for *New York* magazine, there are no skeletons in the closet for

Cuomo or any of his relatives. In fact, Cuomo's altar-boy, struggling-law-student past is the very antithesis of any "mobster." The constant implications that Cuomo will somehow be tripped up by something in his personal background seems to be just what Cuomo says it is—a classic example of anti-Italian prejudice.

In fact, Cuomo's rise from poverty, his intelligence, and his eloquent invocation of so much of what is good in America would seem to make him a candidate with whom most conservatives could feel at least somewhat comfortable. On crime, for example, he cracked down on a prison riot shortly after becoming governor in a way that could have taught Nelson Rockefeller a lesson. On foreign policy, he would probably offer a clean break with the neo-isolationism of the Democrats. He supports Star Wars research and defends our presence in the Persian Gulf. He certainly wouldn't tolerate anything from Qaddafi and would be a tough, able negotiator with the Soviets.

Why, then, would a Cuomo presidency be such a giant step backward? There are two major reasons.

First, Cuomo has a visceral dislike

for private enterprise. His economics are distinctly medieval. The word "protectionist" doesn't even begin to describe him. To Cuomo, it is the whole concept of free trade that needs explaining.

Second, Cuomo's appropriation of the word "family" to stand for the welfare state threatens to roll back whatever progress has been made in stemming the tide of family disintegration. Even liberals now recognize that the break-up of the nuclear family, particularly among blacks, has been a social disaster. But Cuomo's rhetoric will confuse the issue and may even help spread this social chaos into the middle class.

Thus, although Cuomo is sometimes described as a "conservative Democrat," he is no such thing. He believes in the welfare state with a passion that liberals like Gary Hart and Michael Dukakis might find embarrassing. In fact, to Cuomo, the term "welfare state" is a redundancy. To him, there is no other way of improving the lot of the vast majority of people except through the work of the government.

As Cuomo told the Democrats in his 1984 keynote address, the country is divided between "the royalty and the rabble." The Republicans only want to "take care of the strong and hope that economic ambition and charity will do the rest. [Note the negative context for economic ambition.] Make the rich richer and what falls from their table will be enough for the middle class and those trying to make it into the middle class." He even accused President Reagan of being "born to the blood of kings." (Did Reagan ever claim this?) In any case, this is the kind of soul-stirring populist rhetoric the Republicans are likely to be facing in 1988.

Who is this man who now seems fated to reassemble the warring



William Tucker is The American Spectator's New York correspondent.

factions of the Democratic party and bring the spirit of the 1930s into the 1980s?

Mario Matthew Cuomo was born in 1932 to Andrea and Immaculata Cuomo, Italian immigrants who spoke very little English most of their lives. (Andrea died in 1981; Immaculata is still living.) Andrea ran a 24-hour grocery store in Queens, where Mario helped out in the mornings, but spent much of his time reading in the back room. The last of four children (one of whom died young), Mario was the "smart one," much taken with argument and learning. After attending public schools through junior high, he won acceptance at St. John's Prep, an offshoot of St. John's University, a Jesuit institution then in Brooklyn and now in Queens.

At St. John's Prep, Cuomo quickly won a reputation for matching a truculent temperament with hair-splitting logic. An excellent student and outstanding athlete, Cuomo still found ways to antagonize school authorities. In a long portrait in the *New Yorker* a few years ago, Ken Auletta told the story of how a priest once caught Cuomo smoking in the halls. Cuomo disputed the charge. "You didn't actually see me smoking, Father," he argued. "You just saw me carrying a lighted cigarette. Don't assume I'm walking just because you saw me wearing shoes." Cuomo's defense won him a special reprimand in a school assembly. He was an attorney long before he set foot in a law school classroom.

At St. John's College, Cuomo played center field and eventually spent a summer in the Pittsburgh Pirates' minor-league organization. Although batting a mediocre .244, he played aggressively, causing one scout to write: "Perhaps the best prospect on the team. He'll run right over you." He once punched a catcher in the face mask for an ethnic slur. His brief career ended when he was beamed.

Cuomo's real love was the law, however, and soon he was back at St. John's attending law school. He married Matilda Raffa, a St. John's classmate who found him "very serious-minded," and they started a growing family. Matilda worked while Cuomo studied, took care of the kids, and baked bread. His parents also helped with the babysitting. Cuomo tied for first in his class and won a clerkship on the New York Court of Appeals, the state's highest court.

By 1959, with an outstanding academic record and a prestigious clerkship behind him, Cuomo expected to find a job at a major New York firm. But all his applications came back empty, a rejection that Cuomo attributed—almost certainly correctly—to

ethnic prejudice. And so as an excellent prospect with an Italian last name, he was forced to settle for a small firm in Brooklyn. He and Matilda moved into a modest home that his father built with his own hands after retirement.

Taking the setback in stride, Cuomo began to build a reputation as a silver-tongued battler with chutzpah. Once, while arguing before an appeals court, Cuomo scolded a judge for whispering to a colleague during Cuomo's oral argument. "I won't proceed with my

over the death penalty—Koch in favor, Cuomo against—became the key issue.

With two defeats under his belt, Cuomo was beginning to look like a political wallflower. Then in 1978, Krupsak challenged Carey for governor and lost. Cuomo replaced her as lieutenant governor. When Carey retired in 1982, Cuomo became the obvious man to succeed him—obvious, that is, until Ed Koch decided to enter the race. The ebullient Koch—already widely popular in New York City—immediately

Watching Cuomo dwarf the entire field of Democratic candidates without even running, one is hard put to remember that this man once lost a primary to Mary Ann Krupsak.

argument until I have the undivided attention of this court," he said.

Then, in 1968, the City of New York tried to condemn thirty-eight houses in Corona, Queens, in order to build a new high school. The homeowners—mostly Italian—fought the condemnation. Cuomo became their lawyer. The story was picked up by Jack Newfield of the *Village Voice* and was soon a *cause célèbre*. In the process, Cuomo made good friends with Newfield and with Jimmy Breslin, two journalists who still argue his case regularly. (Both are urging Cuomo to run for President.)

After several years of negotiations, Cuomo saved nearly all the Corona homes. Meanwhile, Mayor John Lindsay asked him to mediate an even more difficult case—New York City's attempt to "scatter-site" four low-income, high-rise apartment buildings in middle-class Forest Hills. Once again Cuomo hammered out a compromise and enhanced his reputation as a skilled negotiator.

By 1974, Cuomo was a public persona obviously ready for office. When Hugh Carey, an old St. John's cohort, was nominated for governor, he chose Cuomo as his lieutenant governor. But Cuomo was challenged in a primary by state senator Mary Ann Krupsak and suffered an embarrassing loss. Instead, Carey appointed him secretary of state, a mostly powerless office.

Then New York City nearly went bankrupt. By the 1977 elections, Mayor Abe Beame was a standing joke among city leaders and Bella Abzug was the early favorite to succeed him. Carey asked Cuomo to run for mayor to "save New York City." Cuomo ran well, but was defeated by Congressman Ed Koch, who emerged as a new "Democratic conservative." Their differences

took a 30-point lead in the polls. Cuomo looked like a bridesmaid again. Then Koch gave an interview to *Playboy* in which he described the suburbs as "sterile" and called life in rural upstate New York "a joke." Overnight, Koch plummeted and Cuomo beat him, winning heavily upstate. Then came his narrow victory over Lehrman—a self-made millionaire who preached tax cuts and was making his first and only run for office. Not until 1986, when he beat Westchester County Executive Andrew O'Rourke by the largest margin in state history, did Cuomo finally achieve a landslide.

Cuomo's history, then, probably offers a clue to his current coyness about entering the national campaign. His electoral record is not as successful as his reputation might indicate. Against Krupsak he was too wooden, against Koch in 1977 too "prosecutorial" (as he later characterized himself).

In addition, Cuomo has a notoriously thin skin. In the 1986 campaign, he ended up practically at war with the New York press corps even though he had a relatively unknown opponent and the unanimous support of the editorial pages. After Cuomo had refused to debate O'Rourke face-to-face for the entire campaign, O'Rourke surprised him two weeks before the election by calling in to a radio talk show on which the governor was appearing. Cuomo responded by taunting O'Rourke and saying he would not debate the issues until O'Rourke promised to send him his income-tax returns. ("So long, Andy. You had your chance.") Even the *New York Times* criticized Cuomo for his "taste for endless, intricate, contentious argument." Although Cuomo may look good sitting on the sidelines, things could be different if he finally enters the fray.

Yet the legendary Cuomo is also the real one—a rapier wit, fearsome aggressiveness, plus a talent for pure

political poetry. His 1984 keynote address (which he wrote himself) is a rhetorical masterpiece. "Please allow me to skip the stories and the poetry and the temptation to deal in nice but vague rhetoric," Cuomo began, launching into an hour's worth of poetry and vague rhetoric. "We need speeches that will not just bring people to their feet but to their senses," he shouted to delegates who had been on their feet cheering for 45 minutes.

And then there was this masterful, frontier-flavored evocation of "the American family":

The Republicans believe the wagon train will not make it to the frontier unless some of our old, some of our young, and some of our weak are left behind by the side of the trail. . . .

We Democrats believe that we can make it all the way with the whole family intact.

We have more than once.

Ever since Franklin Roosevelt lifted himself from his wheelchair to lift this nation from its knees. Wagon train after wagon train. To new frontiers of education, housing, peace. The whole family aboard. Constantly reaching out to extend and enlarge that family. Lifting them up into the wagon on the way. Blacks and Hispanics, people of every ethnic group, and native Americans—all those struggling to build their families and claim some small share of America. . . .

Some of us are in this room today only because this nation had that confidence.

Indeed, Cuomo's encompassing vision has probably been too cramped by running for city and state offices. Such soaring rhetoric really needs the national stage. After all, Abraham Lincoln (with whom Cuomo likes to compare himself) actually lost to Stephen Douglas for senator after their famous debates. It was not until their confrontation reached the national level that Lincoln's broader vision prevailed.

So why is there so much reason to worry about Cuomo? To begin with, a Cuomo ascendancy in 1988 would essentially be a fulfillment of the Carter promise of 1976. Most current Democratic candidates are trying to become "another Kennedy," and the prospect of being labeled another Carter is hardly appealing. But remember, Jimmy Carter is the only Democrat to win the presidency in the last twenty years.

The principle problem for any Democrat, of course, is to unite all the hostile factions—blacks and Southerners, unions and environmentalists, welfare recipients and middle-class taxpayers—at least for the moment of the election. The Democrats are really a very diverse bunch of people who all expect the government to solve their problems. Their real arena is Congress—particularly the House of Representatives—where they can pursue their

separate, conflicting agendas without embarrassment. Combining all these constituencies into a national coalition, however, is a different story. That is why the Republicans—whose vision is narrower but more focused—have won the presidency so often in recent years.

A Kennedyesque candidate attempts to unite the Democrats through youthful charisma and *noblesse oblige*. A less aristocratic candidate, on the other hand—a Carter or a Cuomo—must come up with a vision that overcomes the middle class's concerns about being pressed too closely by the poor. Environmentalism—a genteel way of protecting the middle class from “uncontrolled growth”—is always a big part of this strategy. But Carter also succeeded by making subtle appeals to ethnic minorities. His famous remark about “preserving the ethnic purity of neighborhoods”—although dubbed a gaffe in the press—was actually a clear signal to the lower-middle class that he understood its concerns as well.

Cuomo confronts the same problem in a slightly different way. He seeks to override the inherent conflict between the poor and the middle class by arguing that welfare programs should be extended into the middle classes as well. Everybody (except the rich, of course) can be united into “one big family.”

The keystone of Cuomo's vision is his complete rejection of the possibilities of private enterprise. To him, the business world is just a clubby place where the rich pass wealth back and forth among themselves. The whole concept of entrepreneurship as an opportunity for advancement to people of any ethnic background is completely lost on him. The experience of Lewis Lehrman, for example, who turned his father's small manufacturing firm into a cut-rate drugstore chain, lowering prices and creating hundreds of jobs, is not only alien to Cuomo—it is positively distasteful.

As a result, Cuomo's economic strategies are distinctly mercantile. He tries to narrow trade circles, play beggar-thy-neighbor, and hoard benefits among “the family.” During the 1982 campaign, for example, Cuomo proposed that New York City's Metropolitan Transportation Authority be allowed to buy subway cars only from New York State manufacturers, regardless of higher prices or inferior quality. Another idea was granting grocery stores licenses to sell wine coolers—but only those made with New York grapes. (That one was overturned in the courts.) Cuomo's state racing commission has also required Belmont, Aqueduct, and Saratoga to run special “New York-bred” races open only to New York horses.

Most illustrative of Cuomo's relationship with private enterprise has been his two-year campaign to take over the Long Island Lighting Company (LILCO). The highly regulated utilities, of course, have always aroused the passions of populist politicians, just as tethered elephants bring out the sadistic impulses in small boys. But the vigor of Cuomo's campaign—its utter ruthlessness—has made the “hostile corporate takeovers” of the private sector look like child's play.

First, Cuomo blocked the opening of LILCO's Shoreham nuclear plant by refusing to draw up state plans for evacuation of the area, as required by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

Cuomo's appropriation of the word “family” to stand for the welfare state threatens to roll back whatever progress has been made in stemming the tide of family disintegration.

(This strange policy, which gives state and local governments the chance to overrule the federal agency, was recently modified by Congress.) Second, the state Public Service Commission—five of seven members now Cuomo appointees—has begun refusing to allow LILCO to incorporate the remaining \$3.2 billion of Shoreham costs in its rate base. This has threatened to ruin the utility's finances. Finally, the Cuomo administration has run an ongoing advertising campaign against LILCO's management, often tracking their movements day-to-day during service interruptions, trying to prove they are “incompetent.”

Meanwhile, Cuomo has created the Long Island Power Authority, which is now studying a takeover. The hope seems to be that the state's policies will drive down LILCO's stock to a price the Power Authority can reasonably afford. When reporters asked Cuomo if his efforts weren't driving LILCO toward bankruptcy, Cuomo sneered, “Let 'em go bankrupt. They're a private company, aren't they?”

And so, Cuomo really takes Carter a step further. With Carter, there was at least a modicum of respect for private enterprise. Carter was, after all, a private farmer who, although heavily dependent on government subsidies, at least understood the contingencies of private undertaking. With Cuomo there is no such awareness. To him, the private sector is just an old-boy network where Ivy League graduates and used-car salesmen pursue “personal greed.” They have no place in “the family.”

How did a man who perpetually praises his father for working nearly 24 hours a day in a small grocery store end

up so completely alienated from private enterprise?

Cuomo's background offers some suggestions. Although Cuomo constantly emphasizes his ethnic roots, if there is anything notable about him it is how alienated he is from them. There is a bit of Thomas Wolfe in Cuomo—a man who has been educated out of his world and into the abstract world of the intelligentsia. Cuomo often expresses amazement at how “conservative” the people from his old neighborhood have become. Even his own mother lectures him (in Italian) about his stance on the death penalty.

Since he was 15 years old, Cuomo's main reference point was neither his old neighborhood nor his father's grocery store, but the relatively rarefied world of St. John's Prep and the Catholic university system. He readily admits that he seldom talked with his father as a young man and never felt terribly close to him. (“We never really had a serious discussion until after he retired.”) As a student at St. John's, he was embarrassed to bring his parents on campus because of their limited English. Although his may be an American success story, Cuomo's rise also has clear precedents among the thousands of poor European boys who were lifted into the priesthood. It is no surprise that St. Thomas More is his idol.

While education and politics have been Cuomo's route to success, his encounters with private enterprise have been brief and dissatisfying. At one end was his father's store—a place of drab, ceaseless labor that never seemed to lead anywhere. At the other was the WASPish world of New York law firms that rejected him because he had an Italian name. When Cuomo argues that politics offers most people their only chance for advancement, he is essentially speaking from personal experience.

Thus, like Jimmy Carter and Richard Nixon before him, Cuomo's long political ascent has been bought at the price of a certain personal isolation. This is undoubtedly a major reason why Cuomo insists on calling every entity of government he enters a “family.” His inaugural address of 1982 announced “the family of New York.” The most resounding theme of his 1984 keynote address was “the family of

America.” Yet, what Cuomo actually means by “family” is a world where the voluntary efforts people make to help themselves and their own families is replaced by the coercive, redistributive powers of the state. As he told *Commonweal* in 1985, “I use the metaphor only to suggest to people: ‘Look, be honest with yourselves. The only way we can live is collectively. You can't each be an individual who survives on his or her own. We all take, in one form or another. And how much we take, how much we give, under what circumstances, that we can argue about.’”

Cuomo's whole concept of middle-class entitlements also seems to be rooted in personal experience. While the Cuomos have given one of their daughters an elaborate debutante party, they also had to borrow heavily to send their children to college. Until her recent marriage another daughter actually lived in subsidized housing in New York City—having mysteriously risen to the top of a long waiting list almost immediately after she graduated from college. (The building, part of New York's middle-income housing program, is owned by a friend of Cuomo's.)

Thus, Cuomo's concept of “family” doesn't really involve an ever-expanding wagon train so much as circling the wagons. The “family of New York”—if it has meant anything—has been an attempt to close New York's borders to interstate competition. Within these borders people subsidize each other and trade political favors. When Cuomo expands subsidies to dairy farmers or fattens the benefits of civil service unions (his first and most loyal supporters), he is only “taking care of family.”

Under these circumstances, no one should have to ask what kind of economic policies Cuomo would pursue at a national level. As President, he would undoubtedly initiate “buy-only-American” legislation and sponsor the kind of trade bills that are usually the prerogatives of union lobbyists and narrow-minded congressmen.

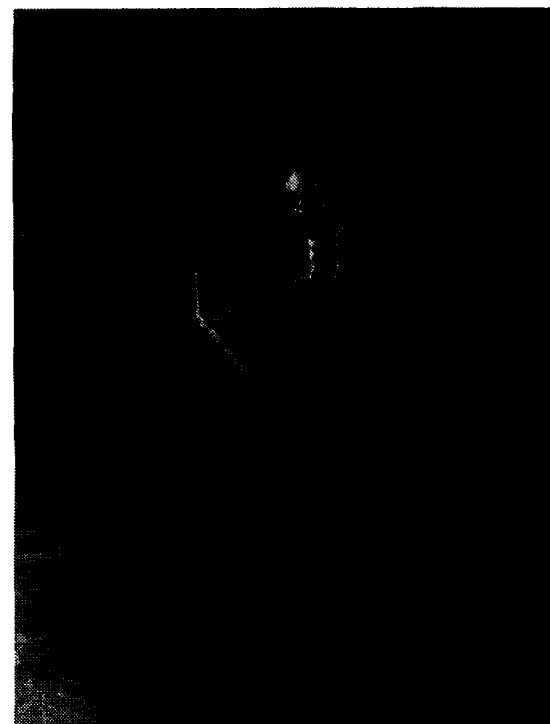
On the other hand, the Family of America would be the newly burgeoning welfare state. Illegitimacy, teenage motherhood, single-parent homes—all would be welcomed into the sheltering arms of the government. The disintegration of the nuclear family—already the most ominous social trend in America—would proceed apace.

The problem is that we are not one big family. We are a lot of little families. Anybody who talks about “one big family” is really talking about one big state. And anybody who tries to turn us into “one big family” is sure to destroy a lot of little families in the process. □

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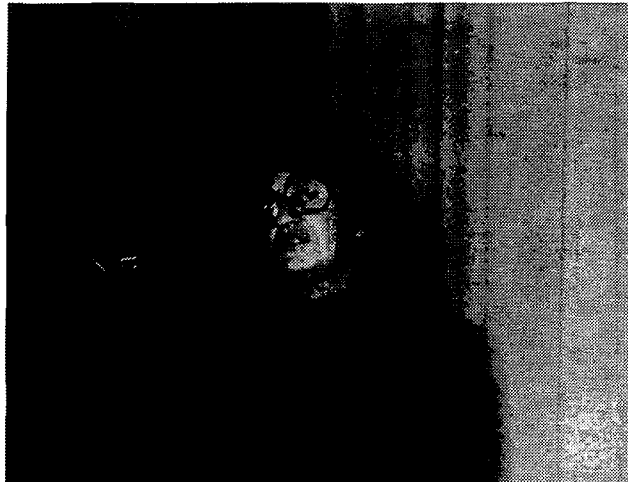
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TAS'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY GALA



Master of Ceremonies John Gavin greets Vice President Bush as the revels begin.



Midge Decter, executive director of the Committee for the Free World, addresses the throng.



Irving Kristol, editor of the *Public Interest*; Ernest van den Haag, professor of jurisprudence at Fordham University; and Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, in a rare moment of agreement.



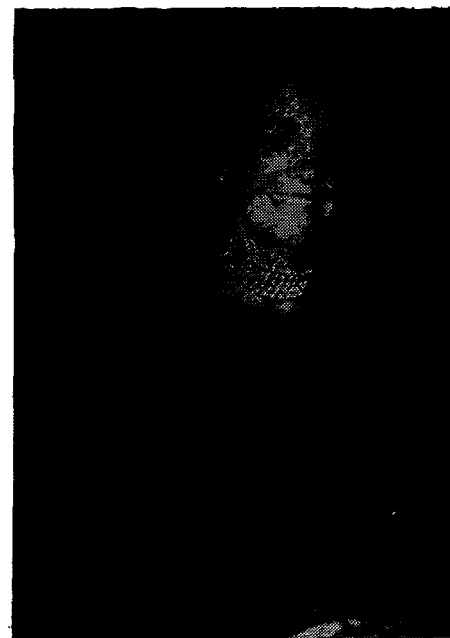
David Brooks, book editor of the *Wall Street Journal*; Howard Dickman, senior editor of *Reader's Digest*; and Tom Pauken, vice president and corporate counsel of Garvon, Inc.



Vice President and Mrs. Bush greet well-wishers, while R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. feels the champagne kick in.



TAS Director David Henderson and his wife Peggy; TAS Director William C. Westmoreland; and Richard M. Larry, president of the Sarah Scaife Foundation, and his wife Lois.



Alexandra Schönburg in the trenches.

The Omni Shoreham Hotel, perched palatially above Rock Creek Park in Washington, D.C., is a long distance from the trailer park (Lot #6) in Bloomington, Indiana, where Bob Tyrrell, then a graduate student in history, pasted up the first issue of *The American Spectator*. But if the wild change in venue has unnerved Tyrrell, he has yet to show it. It was with solemn dignity that he greeted 650 of his closest friends who gathered at the Shoreham on November 4 to celebrate the magazine's twentieth (platinum) anniversary.

Among the guests—a congregation variously described as “glittering,” “distinguished,” and “very nicely dressed”—were Vice President George Bush; Attorney General Edwin Meese; Meese Fan Club President P. J. O'Rourke; Fawn Hall and Andrew Ferguson; Senator Ernest Hollings; and Judge Robert Bork, the mere mention of whose name twice brought the thundering throng to their feet.

Father James Higgins, the pastor of St. Martin of Tours Church in Martinsville, Indiana, gave the invocation. Vice President Bush, delivering the keynote address, was introduced by master of ceremonies John Gavin, former ambassador to Mexico. “I like the *Spectator*,” said Bush. “Let's face it—I like any publication that doesn't carry ‘Doonesbury.’” Following Bush, Midge Decter, executive director of the Committee for the Free World, paid tribute to Tyrrell and the magazine: “The *Spectator* has lived a lot of life in its twenty years,” said Miss Decter. “How many otherwise unwritten words have been published? How many new writers helped to their feet? Ideas tried on, ideas discarded? New friends embraced, enemies made?” At this, Tyrrell applauded ferociously.

Toasts were then offered by Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams; *Wall Street Journal* editor Robert Bartley; and P. J. O'Rourke, who captured the spirit of the *Spectator* by asking, “What use is it for the pen being mightier than the sword if you can't stab somebody with a ball point once in a while?”

After that the party continued in distant corners of the hotel; the house detectives didn't show up until 1:30 a.m.



Marc Weilheimer, media director, Jameson Advertising; Louise Charles, media director, Sussman and Sugar; and Bill DiModugno, media advertising, Chicago Tribune Co.



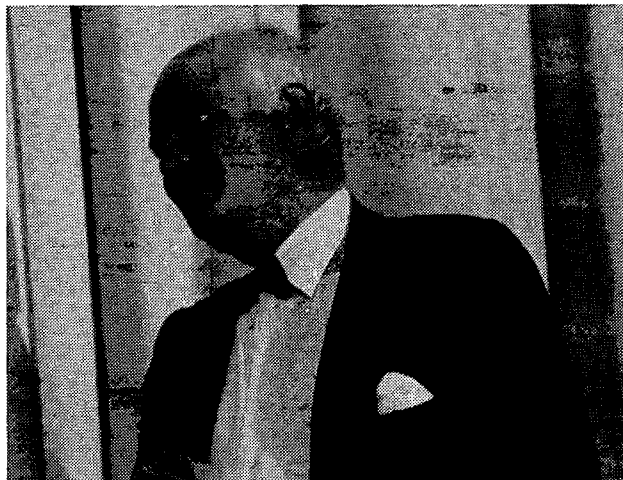
Publisher Ronald E. Burr schmoozes with Mrs. Bush and guests.



Wick Allison, editor-in-chief and publisher, *Art & Antiques*, and his wife Christine.



Judge Robert Bork and Ellen Bork of the Department of State are apprised of champagne's nutritional benefits by RET.



Sir James Goldsmith, philosophical.



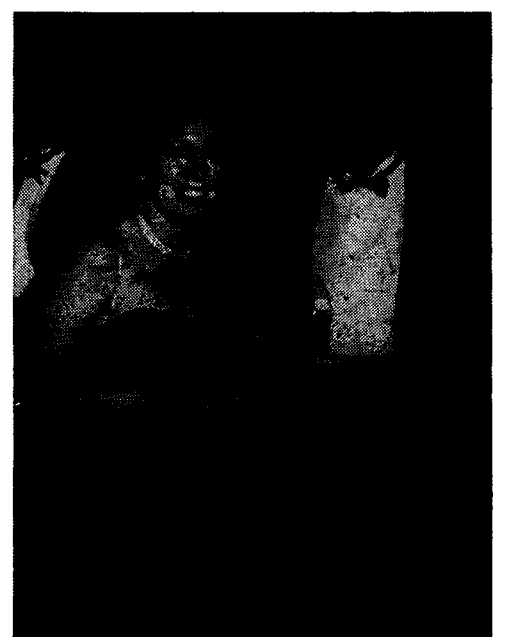
Cindy Gamron and *TAS* Kapellmeister Baron von Kannon.



Dr. Michael S. Joyce, executive director, Bradley Foundation; Lou Ann Sabatier, assistant publisher; and Father James P. Higgins, V.F.



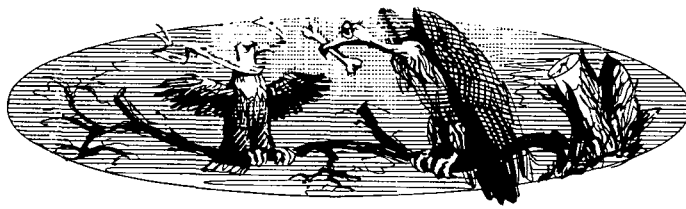
TAS Glamour Girls: Circulation Manager Kathleen "Please Allow Six to Eight Weeks" Anderson, Subscription Manager Vanessa McIntyre, Assistant Production Manager Michelle Emord, and My Hanh E. Burr, special assistant in charge of nepotism.



Production Manager Denise Birkhold feigns interest as raconteur and saloon reviewer Joe Mysak strikes a familiar pose.

(Photos by Katharine Andriotis)

THE NATION'S PULSE



CAREER WOMEN LASH OUT

by John Podhoretz

J. C. Wiatt and Alex Forrest are two obsessive, intimidating, and respected careerists in their thirties. They work long hours, participate in the expensive high life of New York, and are the possessors of chic apartments, chic apparel, and chic attitudes. They are as representative of their time as Sinclair Lewis's George Babbitt, the consummate Midwestern man of business, was of his.

Except that these two consummate men of business are women, as rendered in two of the autumn's hottest movies, *Baby Boom* and *Fatal Attraction*. On the surface, Alex and J. C. are the ideal post-feminists, *Ms.* magazine cover women, pioneers in the world of work whose triumphs have paved the way for a new generation of professional women. And yet, and yet, these movies do not celebrate their achievements. Far from it.

As portrayed by Diane Keaton, *Baby Boom*'s J. C. is the corporate woman as high-strung neurotic, while Glenn Close turns *Fatal Attraction*'s Alex into a modern Medea. The ways in which their creators reduce J. C. and Alex from confident professionals to quivering wrecks, and the barely concealed glee with which audiences are greeting this spectacle, reveal that popular culture has declared open season on the professional woman.

Baby Boom is a comic assault on J. C. Wiatt, a ferociously efficient efficiency expert who is known around her office as the "Tiger Lady." Even though the term is not meant as an endearment, J. C. considers it a compliment. Dressed in the fearsomely severe Alcott and Andrews garb that has become the female version of the Brooks Brothers suit, J. C. works 5 to 9 (that's a.m. to p.m.) and lives with a man with whom she is intimate for no more than four minutes a night before they both return to the work they have left lying beside them on their Laura Ashley sheets.

Both she and her boyfriend are clas-

sic workaholics. "That's why we're together," she reassures her boss, who wants to make her a partner but is worried that she will hear her biological clock ticking and one day up and have a child. "I don't want to have it all," she says, thus turning her back on the professional woman's gospel of the late 1970s and early 1980s that you could be a great mother, a great wife, and a great careerist at the same time, no sweat.

The makers of *Baby Boom* have an entirely different fate in store for J. C. A distant relative dies in Britain and leaves her an adorable year-old baby girl, thus making J. C. an instant mother.

She is flabbergasted, at a loss for words or action; she may be a graduate of both Harvard and Yale, may know how to analyze a flash report in a flash and how to restructure a corporation in order to maximize profit, but she is a hapless and hilarious incompetent

when it comes to handling baby Elizabeth. She lugs the child around like a rag doll, deposits her at the coat check of a fancy restaurant, and serves the infant linguini with freshly grated cheese for dinner.

She is just about to give Elizabeth up for adoption when some dormant emotion compels her to keep the child. As a result, she is up one baby but down one workaholic boyfriend. And after promising her boss that she did not want to "have it all," J. C. finds herself in the position of trying to do just that—and discovering that as a result she is failing at work and surrendering the nurturing of her child to a babysitter.

So she quits her job and buys a farmhouse in Vermont where she proves to be a hapless homeowner and an even more hapless romantic conquest for a good-natured veterinarian. The message is clear: J. C. is an incompetent when it comes to the things that most matter in life. The movie

really does teach its heroine a lesson in humility before, like Job's Creator, restoring to her all she once had and doubling it for good measure.

She ends up with a successful business selling gourmet baby food and finds herself a veterinarian boyfriend to boot. Only when she has learned to set her life in order—with Elizabeth and her veterinarian taking first place—does she find out that she can, indeed, "have it all."

Alex Forrest is not so lucky. *Fatal Attraction*'s complex villainess is a readily recognizable character: the kind of beautiful and intelligent and admirable woman whose friends wonder at her inability to find a suitable male companion. Alex, who is 36 years old and works as an editor at a New York publishing house, complains that "all the really interesting guys are always married."

She seduces Dan Gallagher, a charming and weak-willed married lawyer with whom she has a wild weekend fling. The fling only reveals to Alex the nightmarish emptiness of her chic life. She attempts suicide when Dan tells her he has to go home; he saves her, but not from the pit of her despair.

It is her discovery that she is pregnant with his child—a condition she believed she was incapable of—that finally pushes her over the edge. The contrast here is between Alex's glittery but desperate existence and the luxurious comfort of Dan's married life. Alex is pitifully solitary, but Dan's wife Beth is a blissfully contented woman who has stayed home to raise their six year-old daughter and wants nothing so much as to move out of New York to the suburbs and fix up a house for her family.

In one powerful scene, Alex sits alone in her apartment desultorily flicking a light on and off while Dan and Beth and their best friends are spending a rollicking evening at a bowling alley. The message, once again, is clear: If you are a woman, and all you



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have is a career, you have less than nothing.

These two movies would seem to have little in common, yet they share a surprisingly bleak view of the workplace and of the life successful career women lead there. Instead, they celebrate the virtues of home and hearth, and contrast the brittle neuroses (and psychoses) of their career women with the calmer and more contented spirits of women who stay at home with the children.

Nor have they sprung up directly from the American collective unconscious. They are, rather, the product of a growing corpus of pop sociology about the dissatisfactions and unhappiness of successful career women. In the past two years, article after article and book after book have told the same story: despite the fact that women are more successful than ever, and despite the fact that they are breaking down barriers once thought impregnable, professional women in their late twenties and early thirties are rethinking the structure of their lives.

This is particularly interesting considering the huge strides made by women in the professions, whose numbers are increasing exponentially across the board more quickly than the most ardent feminists could have predicted.

From 1980 to 1986 the number of employed women architects increased by 117 percent, lawyers by 61 percent, and doctors by 46 percent. Today 18 percent of all doctors are women, compared to 13 percent just seven years ago; and 37 percent of all managers and administrators are women, compared to 26 percent in 1980. And though much has been made of a so-called wage disparity between men and women, at the rarefied levels atop corporations these distinctions barely exist.

It is true that women hold only 2 percent of the chairmanships of corporations, but that is due largely to the fact that women executives are a relatively new mass phenomenon. Recent books like Sarah Hardesty and Nehama Jacobs's *Success and Betrayal: The Crisis of Women in Corporate America* document the problems that women have had to face with male resistance to their advancement—men don't like competing against women, while women don't seem to have the killer competitive instincts men have, that sort of thing. Still, these books indicate that women have done very well at learning how to play the corporate and careerist game.

But at what cost? Single professional women in their late thirties and early forties are forever telling journalists

how they fear they have gained the world, only to lose their own souls. They were given what amounted to a blow in the solar plexus when they were informed by *Newsweek* magazine that they were more likely to be killed by a terrorist than find a husband; in other words, they had a better chance of being shot by Yasser Arafat than they did of marrying Yasser Arafat.

Women a few years younger than they are now writing the histories of their lives thus far, and are revealing how they've really been miserable all these years. Fran Schumer's *Most Likely to Succeed: Six Women from Harvard and What Became of Them* tells the story of the author and her friends from the Harvard class of 1974. Here is what you would have been like, according to Schumer, if you had been a female member of the Harvard class of 1974:

You would almost certainly be on your way to having a successful career—that is, if you hadn't committed suicide right out of school because the pressure on you to succeed was too great. And if suicide wasn't your cup of tea, you would probably have suffered at some point from an eating disorder—anorexia seems to have been the most popular, but bulimia ran a close second.

And if not an eating disorder, then a completely unfulfilling romantic life characterized by the impossible task of finding an appropriate mate. And if you did have the dumb luck to find a mate, your home life would be full of the anxiety and tension of working and raising a family at the same time and would be far less fulfilling than you thought it would be or you think it ought to be.

Women like Schumer and her friends, who form a cross-section of America's professional elite, seem to dislike what they have become. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that the 100 executives interviewed by Hardesty and Jacobs for *Success and Betrayal* seem profoundly depressed. And why? Like their mothers before them, they seem to be suffering from a bizarre malady first diagnosed by Betty Friedan in her 1963 book *The Feminine Mystique*.

Friedan talked about an illness of the spirit that she said was caused by the cultural suppression of the American housewife. But it seems that the illness is back and doing its debilitating worst among America's career women. "Today's corporate woman is just confronting the costs of corporate affiliation," write Hardesty and Jacobs. "Like Betty Friedan's housewife of twenty years ago, they, too, suffer a 'problem that has no name.'"

In their quest for answers, few look to the feminist movement. Sylvia Ann Hewlett, in her controversial study *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America*, chastises the feminist leadership for ignoring the virtues of motherhood in its quest to convince women of the virtues of the working world. Hewlett's solution for the woes of working women with families and to feminism's anti-family bias is federally funded universal day-care.

But that kind of panacea has little to do with the woes of America's professional elite, who can easily afford private nurses for their children (like J. C. Wiatt). Their woes are existential—are they living the right way? have they made the right choices?—and yet, say Hardesty and Jacobs, they are unable to talk about their concerns openly. "They are congratulated so publicly on every achievement as celebrated in the media, that the vast majority of women—who don't thrive on imbalance, who question daily their

reasons for going to the office—are intimidated into silence."

It is, of course, tiresome when people who have never suffered any real deprivation and make a lot of money complain and complain. But it is nonetheless significant that this trend in American culture has now manifested itself in two movies that look back longingly to a more placid age.

They are almost subversively revivifying the 1950s image of domestic suburban tranquility, which would have been unthinkable only a few years ago and unimaginable to Betty Friedan. The dream woman of 1987 is not Mary Tyler Moore's Mary Richards, but *Fatal Attraction*'s Beth Gallagher, who is busy painting the ceiling on the second floor while her husband spends a busy day at the office before climbing into his Volvo station wagon at close of day. And the force aiming to destroy this ideal existence is a beautiful and lonely and insane career woman carrying a knife. □



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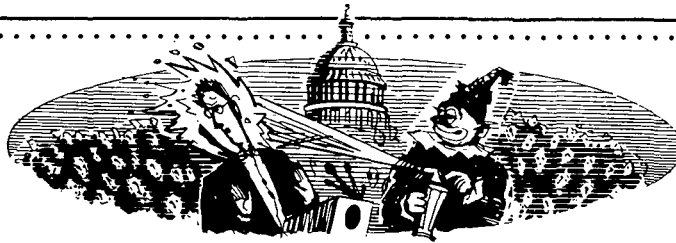
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SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL



THE LADY HAD FLAIR

by Priscilla L. Buckley

What is there to say about Clare Boothe Luce that hasn't been said better by Wilfrid Sheed in his sensitive, illuminating memoir of a few seasons back. Her accomplishments were many—editor, author, playwright, journalist, politician, diplomat, orator. To list them thus baldly is to miss the flavor of the woman: her style, her warmth, above all her flair.

I met her first at a reception at the American Embassy in Rome in 1954 when she was ambassador. The concierge at the humble hotel at which I was staying—to be employed by United Press in Europe in those days, as I was, was to stay at humble hotels—was much excited. An envelope for *la signorina* from the United States Embassy had been *hand-delivered* not ten minutes ago. The engraved invitation to the evening's reception read: "The Ambassador" (centered on the first line, and, on the second and third lines) "and Mr. Luce. . . ." I thought that was cool. The stunning reception hall of the Residence, which the Luces had redecorated, was a sea of color: uniforms, clerical robes, dinner jackets, evening gowns. Five cardinals hovered around the Ambassador, slim and erect in a simple ankle-length dress of ivory-lace, brightened by a single touch of color, a broad sash that exactly matched the scarlet of a cardinal's robe.

Another occasion thirty years later. The setting was the White House. Today President Reagan would present Clare and thirteen other distinguished Americans with the Medal of Freedom—the highest honor an American civilian can receive. He would salute "the brilliance of her mind, [her] gracious warmth and great fortitude." The men who were to be honored that day—James Burnham, F. Buckminster Fuller, Jacob Javits among them—wore somber business suits; so did Clare, an exquisitely tailored gray suit softened at throat and wrists by a trace of lace. Her eyes sparkled. Her hair was white now, the figure as trim as ever, but there

were fine lines at the corners of her eyes. I wondered how many thousands of laughs it had taken to etch them in Clare's cheeks and how much joyful laughter they had evoked in others in the etching. On this occasion, as on so many, Clare refused to wear the thick glasses without which she could not see. And I was amused, and touched, to note that Tish Baldrige—her secretary back in the halcyon Roman years, now a successful businesswoman and a guest at the affair—had fallen into the old routine and was handling the introductions lest it become apparent that Clare couldn't recognize an old friend ten feet off. It was said that Clare preferred men to women. It was true, but long-time women friends like Tish, and so many others, remained her friends to the day she died.

My own relations with her were on two levels, social and professional. Professional she was, and professional she remained even in those weary years when eyes fail, energy flags, and the critical faculties grow lax. An ex-

ample. Her first piece for *National Review* was unsolicited, a passionate defense of Madame Nhu, "The Lady's Not for Burning." *NR* published it and published Clare Luce regularly from that time on. Sometimes the initiative was hers, sometimes ours. In the mid-seventies, a piece came in, a passionate defense of someone who couldn't defend himself, her friend the late J. Edgar Hoover whose name was being dragged in the mire during the Church investigations into CIA activities in Chile. Clare's sense of justice had been outraged. But her timing was off. The article arrived after the spotlight had moved from Hoover. It lacked a certain precision, her usual bite. Clare and I talked it over a dozen times or so. She wasn't happy with it and, in the end, it was left that if either she or I found a suitable peg we would take another look at it. It's still in our files. The older Clare was not ready to publish anything the younger Clare would have been less than proud of. In this she was rare; her critical faculties remained acute to the end of her days.

She could be flighty—even bitchy at

times. She had little patience with dullards and bores. But she was deeply compassionate and profound. She would write my brother Bill when our mother died: "No matter what one's age, the death of one's mother is always traumatic. It is the destruction of the illusion of childhood, because one—psychologically—remains a child at heart until mother is *really* gone. (She is the *only* one who would forgive anything.) I will pray to her to intercede for her dear orphaned brood, and for you, especially—and for me."

It has been much repeated that when Monsignor Fulton Sheen, who had instructed her in the Catholic faith, asked whom she would like as a confessor she had responded: "Someone familiar with the rise and fall of empires." She took her faith seriously and came near to despair at times at the changes she saw in her beloved Church, changes more far-reaching than the lost majesty and mystery of the Latin Mass. She unburdened herself in a letter to a friend in those last months when the cancer was sucking away her strength, a *cri de coeur*: "There has been a revolution in the Catholic Church in the last twenty years that may destroy it as we have known it. . . . I leave a Mass disedified by sermons and heartsick. What can I do to change her back into the Church to which I was converted thirty years ago?" And then unable, even *in extremis*, to restrain her impish wit she reported that one of the monks in the monastery she had founded, "the oldest one at age 63 bugged off and married! Pray for us all."

While Clare Luce would bow to the mandates of the Lord on High she was less reverential to his ministers on earth, as Cardinal John O'Connor noted at the Solemn Mass of the Resurrection in St. Patrick's on October 13. He commented that her instant liking of him at their first meeting

turned into dislike when she heard me speaking pompously about nuclear weapons. She rapidly made clear that she knew far more than I about the subject and made it equally clear that she respected Roman Catholic bishops too much to take them



Priscilla L. Buckley is a senior editor of *National Review*.

seriously when they talked nonsense. And this I think characterized her Catholicism. It was a very sound Catholicism, certainly in the mature years of her Catholicism. Everything was sacred, and yet everything was subject to examination. The truth was the truth, and whoever spoke falsehood must be branded as speaking falsehood.

She would have liked it that at the last "Celebration of the Life of Clare Boothe Luce" (as the program

read) the Agnus was sung in Latin. Like Noël Coward she had "a talent to amuse." To a politician who sputtered during an election debate in 1942 that he bet she couldn't even cook, she had replied, "And I bet you can't drive a straight nail." She wrote the whole thing up in *Coronet* and the poor man was never heard from again. Driving down Fifth Avenue one evening many years later, she regaled a car full of

friends with limericks, crafted on the spot, about the Vanderbilts and Carnegies and Belmonts whose stately mansions once lined that street.

My last vivid recollection of Clare is on the occasion of *National Review's* 30th Anniversary dinner. She was seated between the President and Bill Casey. She and Casey had their

heads together for the longest time and occasionally Clare would chuckle and Casey would do that short amused snort of his. They were having a whale of a time. You don't suppose, do you, that the seed was planted that night for Bill Casey's diabolically clever disinformation operation against the great Bob Woodward? What fun she was. God rest her bright, mischievous, caring soul. □

EMINENTOES



GARRISON KEILLOR'S FAUX PEAS

by Elizabeth Kristol

You know how it is: people find out you're shy, and next thing you know they want to interview you, have you sponsor their products, and put you on talk shows. They make you earn a lot of money, and force you to move to really big cities, like New York.

That's what happened to Garrison Keillor. A humble man who got a lot of satisfaction hosting a down-home radio show in St. Paul, he liked nothing more than getting up before a small, cozy audience and doing a little verbal whittling—lazily carving out details of a fictitious small town by the name of Lake Wobegon.

The town is full of characters like Darleen, Grace, Cindy, Kenny, Gene: solid people, with solid names to match. Why, even those who have never been west of Saks Fifth Avenue know that Lake Wobegon is the kind of place where folks have real integrity, even if they tend to do a lot of petty and stupid things.

Like the Tollefsons. A little gullible—but what nice people aren't?—they fell lock, stock, and barrel for a scheme promising them that, for fifteen dollars, meticulous genealogical research would be undertaken to determine whether they might really, in fact, be descended from the distinguished royal clan of Campbells. Lo and behold (they were informed on the most elegant stationery they had ever seen in their life), the Tollefsons were no less than Scottish nobility—even if trapped in the bodies of lower-middle class Norwegians living in Minnesota.

Keillor probably never dreamed that

other people—especially people outside of Minnesota—could get so interested in what was happening in Lake Wobegon. But it happened: in chic cities on the East and West coasts people would be setting their dining tables—putting out the salad forks and shrimp forks and sugar tongs and folding the napkins into swan shapes—while listening to a radio show broadcast from St. Paul, Minnesota, a place they had probably never been to in their lives and might not even be able to find in an atlas without looking in the index.

You'd never find a shrimp fork in Lake Wobegon. People there take food

much too seriously for that. Why, they will say, food isn't just something you put in your stomach—that's what the stuff you get in restaurants is for—it's something that binds people together, infuses them with love, brings peace to their troubled lives.

And there are troubled lives in Lake Wobegon; it's no paradise such as other, shallower, writers might write about. Keillor doesn't hold back from us the incident in which Dr. Walter W. Ingersoll of St. Luke's Biomedical Laboratory got a speeding ticket. Or the time Daryl realized he had mistakenly dumped the mincemeat filling down the garbage disposal and he had

to go to all lengths—and sneakily, too—to make a new batch before Marilyn found out.

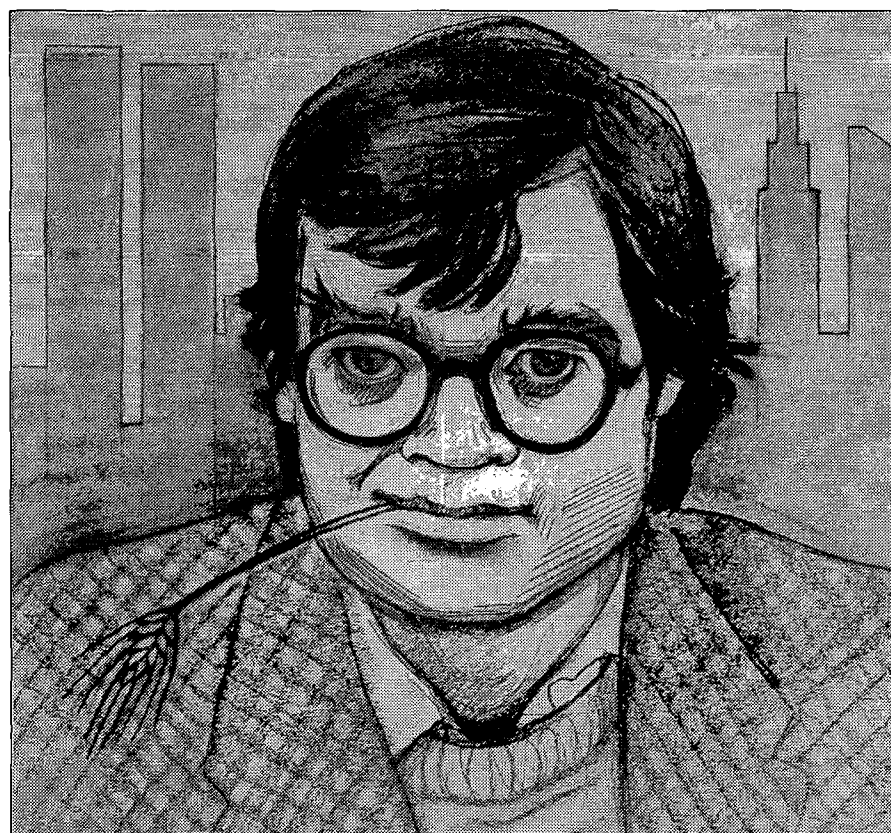
Worse still, the time the town stared tragedy in the face when the *Agnes B* tipped over, sending twenty-four Lutheran ministers into the water. That could have been a real disaster, if it weren't for the fact that it had been such a dry summer and the lake was only five feet deep.

People there get sick, too; they're no exception. Harold and Marlys (and even their dog) got the worst flu they'd ever had in their lives: they just lay there, side by side, trying hard not to throw up, and losing track of time.

Keillor would have to have been born with a heart of stone not to care about these creations of his: when they dig into their peas and onions, he can taste the goodness; when they take a deep long draw on an icy cold Wendy's, he feels as refreshed as if he were holding that brew in his very own hands.

It's funny that, no matter how famous a man gets, and how much other people say they like, really do like (and even without his asking) what he's done, he still feels some lingering doubts deep within his breast. So we shouldn't be surprised that Keillor is fearful that people might not like his new book as much as the old one.¹ Although it's hard to imagine, since he's included all his favorite monologues from the radio show "Prairie

¹The new book is *Leaving Home: A Collection of Lake Wobegon Stories*, Viking, \$18.95. The old one is *Lake Wobegon Days* (1985).



Elizabeth Kristol is a senior editor at *Insight* magazine.

Home Companion." There's the one about the time he was a little boy (before he changed his name from Gary to Garrison) and learned to kill his first chicken. Seems he didn't bring the blade down quite right, and the thing took off, headless, and sped

through the town, with him and his father chasing madly after it.

Then there's the one about the ferris wheel: up there, you could just smell the corn dogs and cotton candy and look down at all the little kids holding their fathers' hands; it's such a

beautiful and loving sight it just makes you ache all over.

There's one about a young woman named Corinne, who has to borrow money from her father, and it's really embarrassing. But then they have lunch together—meat loaf, whipped potatoes, string beans, bread, tapioca pudding—and know that everything's going to be all right.

There's even one where things don't really turn out right at all, at least as far as Ellie's concerned. Eloise and Carl were married for three years—an amount of time Carl found to be pushing the outer limits of what any man would want. He began packing his bags, which led to a really big fight. Even the neighbors out in their yards couldn't help hearing what was going on, especially when they turned off their lawn mowers and decided this was the time to do that precision weeding they'd been meaning to do. By the time the divorce was through, Ellie was living in a stucco house collecting welfare. She held up well; you could go past her house and see her and her mother silhouetted in the window, dancing to the tune of "Blue Skirt Waltz."

Things like that don't happen too often in Lake Wobegon; Keillor probably wouldn't even have bothered to write about it unless it really stood out. Because, the fact is, things almost always turn out pretty well there. You know this from reading "Life is Good," where Keillor tells us that life is good; also, that life is good, friends; and, most important, that basically life is good. It's interesting to read Ellie's story after the one about the ferris wheel, where you can learn, in a somewhat different vein, to thank God for this good life.

Maybe it's the harsh weather in Lake Wobegon that makes the inhabitants so resilient. It's a quality—you can't quite put your finger on it—that even the people in St. Paul, where Keillor lived when he was writing these stories, don't have. Things are much cushier in the city; it makes men weak. That's probably why when a bunch of men in Armani suits came to Keillor's door and insisted that he broadcast his radio show nationally, write a book for Viking, and travel around the country performing in huge concert halls and signing autographs in book stores, he said okay, even though he suspected it would make him miserable, because he's really a very shy and private person who likes nothing better of an evening than to sit down with a big bowl of creamed corn or a generous helping of pot roast smothered in thick, brown gravy.

But you can't make time stand still, even if you'd like to. And Keillor knew

there was still a lot he had to learn about the ways of the world. For instance, when he was working on *Lake Wobegon Days*, which accidentally ended up selling 3.25 million copies, he wrote a really sweet dedication to his girlfriend Margaret, forgetting that all the stories in the book were still about his ex-wife. He learned the hard way that was a risky thing to do, so when he put together *Leaving Home*, even though he had just married a woman named Ulla, he made sure to dedicate it to his parents.

It's a funny thing about love: when you're in it, everything feels so permanent. When Keillor left Margaret to go off to Copenhagen with his new bride, it probably felt as if he'd be living in Denmark the rest of his life. It probably never entered his mind that it might not be safe to write an introduction called "A Letter from Copenhagen" that made it sound like he'd settled there for good.

But things didn't work out so well in Denmark, even though the temperature wasn't all that different from Minnesota and he had lots more time to write short stories, now that he didn't have a radio show to prepare for. Life was really difficult there; just about everywhere you turned people were speaking Danish instead of English, and you couldn't even call a cucumber by its own name but had to say *agurker* instead.

Keillor tried to distract himself by working on a screenplay for a film version of *Lake Wobegon Days*, and writing ads for International Paper Company about all the different ways that it's hard to be shy and why writing lots of letters (instead of making phone calls) can really help. But then evening would fall, and Ulla would want to go to cocktail parties. That was fine, but she could happily talk up a storm, whereas he could only stammer a few things here and there, which is probably a difficult situation for a former monologist to be in, and sometimes after they left the party he would cry.

It's a good thing Ulla is a trained social worker. She was very understanding and she agreed that it was intolerable remaining in Denmark. The only thing is, they couldn't go back to St. Paul because the newspapers there hadn't the tiniest shred of a notion of dignity, and thought that if a man is a best-selling author and radio and print personality they have the God-given right to run articles about him whenever they feel like it. So Keillor and his wife are living in New York City.

For the time being, anyway. Keillor has publicly admitted it: life is complicated and not for the timid. □

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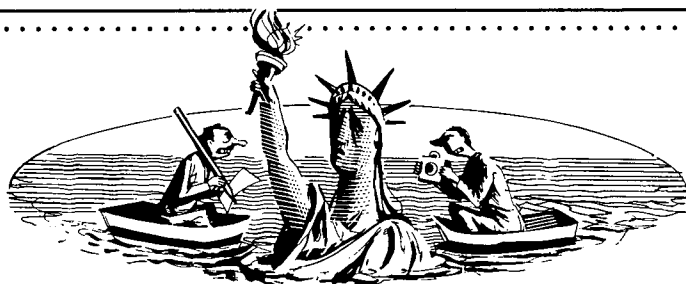
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PRESSWATCH



SELF-DECEPTIONS

by Michael Ledeen

The greatest triumph of Soviet disinformation is undoubtedly the spread of "moral equivalence," according to which there is no substantial difference between us and our enemies. Thus, people who ought to know better end up arguing that, as between the Soviet Union and the free world, any meaningful differences depend upon the eye of the beholder.

That this utterly false and dangerous distortion of reality has crept into the conventional wisdom can be documented in dozens of ways, but there was one telling piece of evidence on November 15 in a "local color" piece in the *New York Times*. Francis X. Clines of the *Times's* large staff in Moscow told us about Rudolf Nureyev's trip to the Soviet Union to visit his sick mother. In the course of the article, we find the nasty sentence:

[Nureyev's] celebrated dash to what he saw as greater artistic freedom was followed by a rash of defections by stars of the Soviet arts, including Mr. Baryshnikov, Alexander Godunov and Natalia Makarova in ballet.

That business about "what he saw as greater artistic freedom" is moral equivalence at its most sinister. What Clines is saying is that there is really no substantial difference between the United States and the Soviet Union in the matter of artistic freedom (and why only "artistic"?), and Nureyev's defection can be explained only on the basis of individual perception. It is all relative, you see.

An editor with his wits about him would have eliminated the relativistic "what he saw as." Nureyev dashed to greater freedom, as did the others (interestingly, Clines leaves out the Panovs, the only ballet stars who went to Israel). And that's not a matter of opinion. It's a fact.

Why Did the Media Fail to Discover the Iran-Contra Story?

As you can imagine, there has been a

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lot of soul-searching and breast-beating by journalists, editors, and publishers for their failure to uncover and publish the inside story about the Iran-contra affair before it was revealed by Attorney General Edwin Meese (would that there were more agonizing self-reappraisals over their abysmal coverage of the story *even after* the revelations). The latest—as of this writing—was written by Eleanor Randolph ("How Newshounds Blew the Iran-Contra Story") in the *Washington Post* on November 15.

Randolph grants that it was a tough story to get: "Uncovering the . . . affair wouldn't have been easy—even for the best of journalists. One tentacle stretched to the Middle East . . . the other tentacle was in Central America . . ." This isn't much of an explanation (coverage of a "two-tentacled story" has been managed before, after all), and so Randolph gives us some of the reasons the story "got lost":

- Coziness with sources (McFarlane didn't tell, Poindexter didn't talk to journalists, and North "mesmerized some journalists who dealt with him on a regular basis").

- Time pressure (it would have taken a lot of work to dig out the story, and editors wanted their journalists to cover more immediate matters).

- False bravado (the media pretended to be tough guys but were actually soft on Reagan).

- Changing standards (the media have shied away from true investigative reporting).

- National-security jitters (fear of placing the hostages at greater risk).

The first and last points are important and correct, while the middle three are simply elegant ways of accusing the press of failure to dig vigorously enough. To take the last point first, to the extent that publications refused to write about the Iran matter because of fear of the murder of American hostages, they should be applauded, not condemned. After all, during the Carter period, American journalists kept secret the fact that some American of-

ficials were being hidden in the Canadian embassy in Tehran, and those journalists were praised for their self-restraint. However, I am skeptical of claims that American publications withheld information from the public for such laudable reasons in this case. Randolph has *Newsweek's* Richard Sandza saying that there was one reporter from the magazine who "was being quietly briefed about U.S. efforts to win back the hostages" on the understanding that "*Newsweek* would not write until the hostages were released."

In August or September of 1986 I was approached by a *Newsweek* correspondent who claimed to have considerable detail about the story, including my role in it. I told him that 80 percent of what he had was wrong (as it was), that I could not discuss my role, but that if *Newsweek* decided to publish something, I would be happy to go through it with him or his editors to point out at least some of the things that I thought were wrong. The story broke a couple of months later, *Newsweek* never called to check its facts, and the

R. GLENN MARTIN



Conservatism — with no ads!

Steady readers of this section may perhaps be as fascinated as I am by a new publication that contains nothing but editorial columns and political cartoons.

I chanced on it in an attempt to locate some columns by Jeane Kirkpatrick, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. When she left the U.N., Kirkpatrick began a weekly political column, and I hadn't yet found out where it was appearing.

Then I saw an ad for something called the *Conservative Chronicle*, published in Iowa, which said it reproduces her columns. I sent off for a subscription and got back a 32-page weekly tabloid containing not just Kirkpatrick but a galaxy of conservative U.S. columnists and cartoonists.

There, unabridged, I found recent syndicated columns by Evans & Novak, Bill Buckley, George Will, Joe Sobran, William Rusher, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Warren Brookes, Walter Williams, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Admirals Zumwalt and Bagley, and many others — 41 columns in all — by the elite of American conservative columnists.

There were also 36 political cartoons by the likes of the *Chicago Tribune's* Jeff MacNelly and Dick Locher, Jerry Barnett of the *Indianapolis News*, the *Denver Post's* Mike Keefe — two dozen in all.

Refreshingly, there are no ads at all in this free-enterprise compilation, except one by the magazine itself. The publisher, Hampton Publishing Company, (Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441) has been in business 111 years, and the U.S. subscription rate is \$32 for 52 issues. Such a publication, like *World Press Review*, pulls together material from many sources that no one individual could possibly lay her (or his) hands on...

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article they published was full of errors.

Randolph's first point—"coziness with sources"—is rather more interesting, because it points to one of the basic flaws in American coverage of international news. If you have been with me for a while in these pages, you have heard *ad nauseam* that our journalists' basic sources are invariably Americans, no matter where the story comes from. So if American sources don't present

our journalists with "the story," it doesn't exist. In this case, there were very few American officials who knew the facts, and by and large they weren't talking. The story could have been obtained from other governments, but our journalists weren't in a position to get the information from such sources.

There were, however, at least two major exceptions to this general rule. Jack Anderson had the outlines of the story

(a "tilt toward Iran" and the shipments of American weapons by Israel), and, even earlier, John Wallach, the excellent diplomatic correspondent of the Hearst chain, had provided accurate information on Israeli weapons sales and on a changing attitude toward Iran in the White House.

Yet every journalist missed the one obvious clue that could and should have pointed them in the right direc-

tion: the release of the Reverend Benjamin Weir. What was required of our journalists was a simple mental exercise. They had to ask themselves, "Why has this man been released? Have the terrorists had a seizure of Christian charity? Or has something happened to make them do this peculiar thing?" In other words, they had to start with the basic questions: "Who are the terrorists? Why are hostages taken? What is required to obtain the release of hostages?" Since there was no basic understanding of terrorism, these questions were not posed, and hence the clear lead (Weir was out, so the government of the United States *must* have done something to get him out) was not followed.

That is the real sin. But you won't learn about it by reading the *Post*.

Zimbabwe

Another of the *Post*'s aging stars, Mr. Richard Harwood, recently went to Zimbabwe and found a happy country, with a flourishing white minority, and "a stable economy and a functioning society that stands in sharp contrast to the chaos and economic collapse in such African countries as Zambia, Angola, Uganda and Mozambique." His conclusion?

... Zimbabwe today, compared with its neighbors, is an island of prosperity, stability and social harmony. And a number of its white citizens think the whites of South Africa have a great [sic] to learn from their experience.

A white industrialist ... expressed that attitude: ... "We're obviously looking at a serious (economic) situation. But I'm still tremendously positive. ... We've achieved fantastic things in seven years—reconciliation, a mixed economy, a positive balance of payments. The success of Zimbabwe is in what has not happened."

So much for socio-economic fantasy. Now for the simple political facts. Listen to the *Economist* of November 7:

Mr. Robert Mugabe ... is moving decisively to create a one-party state with himself as its all-powerful president, and is forging some new alliances which have raised eyebrows. ...

Mr. Mugabe, by far the cleverest and most imposing figure in the government, has many rivals. He keeps power by constantly balancing its Shona factions, and unites the Shona (his own tribe) by repressing their Ndebele rivals. The Ndebele who live along the country's south-western border are tempted to accept help from those South Africans who believe that a weakened Zimbabwe will not dare permit military incursions, or economic sanctions, against them. Mr. Mugabe cannot impose sanctions unless others, especially neighbouring Zambia, do so too. Zambia's poverty rules that out.

Now the South Africans are once again lending their locomotives to help move Zambian copper across Zimbabwe to their own ports. Having made a tactical alliance with his own country's hard-line whites, Mr.

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Mugabe may yet use his one-party state to make a similar deal with his neighbours to the south. Neither side will mistake such cooperation for goodwill.

No Soweto

I didn't get to Zimbabwe but I was in South Africa in October, and spent a few hours touring Soweto. The image

of Soweto in the media is that of utter squalor, a festering, insect-ridden, stinking area of misery to which the only appropriate human response is rage. It comes as a shock, therefore, to see that Soweto is a bustling city of some two and a half million people, with, to be sure, a filthy area populated by squatters (there is still a considerable

influx of blacks from neighboring countries), but with vast middle- and upper-class neighborhoods as well. Winnie Mandela has just built herself a gorgeous mansion in Soweto, with Pei-like architecture, that would go for several million dollars in an American suburb. But you will not find a picture of it in the American press, for that

would destroy—in a few seconds—the image of Mrs. Mandela as a symbol of the poor, downtrodden Africans suffering under apartheid. Apartheid is evil, but the material suffering has been considerably overstated. Why can't we view the reality of South Africa in context? Why don't we see pictures of all of Soweto? □

THE TALKIES



MAURICE

by Bruce Bawer

The reviews are exultant. Even a reader who ordinarily casts a jaundiced eye upon the critical encomia quoted in movie advertisements cannot help but be given pause by the quotations featured in the twenty-inch, four-column ads that the Merchant-Ivory people have been running in the *New York Times* and other papers: "A masterpiece. The greatest movie of the year" (Richard Freedman, *Newhouse Newspapers*). "A more remarkable achievement than *A Room with a View*" (Stephen Harvey, *Village Voice*). "The story is dramatic; the script is both literate and powerful; and the actors seem little short of perfection. One becomes involved, moved, shaken" (Mike McGrady, *Newsday*).

The film that these critics are writing about is *Maurice*, the latest offering from the distinguished producer and director team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory. I'm afraid I can't join in their chorus of ecstatic praise. Let me say that after several months of viewing mindless comedies and romantic thrillers—many of which were fine enough, I suppose, but which were, after all, only *thrillers*—I very much looked forward to *Maurice*. I stood on line at the Paris Theater on 58th Street in Manhattan for an hour in the full expectation of being involved, moved, shaken—or, if not that, then at least bewitched by the grace, sensitivity, intelligence, and beauty of it all, as had been my reaction in 1986 when I saw Merchant and Ivory's *A Room with a*

View (to my mind, the best film of that year).

From the reviews, *Maurice* (which, just in case you decide to drop the name of it at a cocktail party, should be pronounced in the British manner, to wit: *Morris*) sounded rather like a superior version of *Another Country*, a worthy pendant to the magnificent television miniseries of *Brideshead Revisited*. Based on the posthumously published novel by E. M. Forster (another of whose novels, of course, was the basis for *A Room with a View*), *Maurice* is the story of Maurice Hall (James Wilby), who in 1909, while a second-year student at King's College, Cambridge, befriends an extremely rich and strikingly handsome fellow student

named Clive Durham (Hugh Grant). They become very close. Then, several months into their friendship, Clive makes a pass. Maurice is confused, not sure whether to return or to spurn Clive's embrace; later, when Clive takes him aside on the college quadrangle and announces "I love you," Maurice spits out his contempt—only to declare, soon afterwards, that he loves Clive as well. But Clive, embarrassed at what he has done, thinks Maurice is just trying to be gracious; not until Maurice climbs into his second-story bedroom window in the middle of the night, awakens him, plants a kiss on his mouth, and climbs back out the window does Clive believe that Maurice truly loves him.

They become lovers. And Maurice, who up to now has been a polite, quiet, and obedient young man, becomes unruly, skipping tutorials and chapel to spend time with his beloved, and behaving insolently toward profs and family alike. Shortly thereafter both young men leave Cambridge, Maurice for his mother's house in London and a bank job, Clive for his family's country estate, London town house, and a political career. They see each other frequently, often in the company of other young men and women, neither flaunting their sexuality nor hiding their closeness. Everything goes smoothly until the Viscount Risley (Mark Tandy), an old Cambridge friend (based on Lytton Strachey), is arrested, tried, and incarcerated for kissing a bellhop. Clive—who refuses Risley's request for help—is frightened by the courtroom spectacle, and, suddenly realizing that he is risking everything he has by romancing Maurice, tells him that henceforth they will be friends, nothing more. Presently he cements this resolution by getting married.

These developments throw Maurice into a tizzy. Desperate to rid himself of his homosexuality, he sees a hypnotherapist (Ben Kingsley) and pleads with the family doctor (Denholm Elliott) for an explanation, a "cure," for these longings that dare not speak their name. But nothing works. Resolution finally arrives, however, in the form of Alec Scudder (Rupert Graves), the earthy young gamekeeper on Clive's estate, who, during one of Maurice's frequent visits, climbs up to his second-story bedroom in the middle of the night and throws his arms around him. Once again Maurice finds himself being flabbergasted by a young man's embrace. He's thrown, too, by Alec's



Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator's movie reviewer. His essay on Ruth Praver Jhabvala appears in the December 1987 issue of the New Criterion.

lower-class status and unashamed physicality. But after a period of guilt and mutual distrust, Maurice and Alec find love and happiness with one another.

Maurice is a beautifully and meticulously made movie—the direction intelligent, the photography and lighting exquisite, the set decoration sumptuous—and one certainly feels, once it is over, that one should be terribly moved by it all. But one isn't. The reasons begin with Maurice himself, and with the actor who portrays him. Wilby, as it happens, has no charisma and little charm, and he's not particularly handsome either—all of which make it hard to believe that not one but two very good-looking young men would fall for him *and* make the first move. Maurice is, furthermore, supposed to be a young man full of passionate longings; but in Wilby's hands he comes across as oafish, doltish, dull. There's no energy in him, no fire. He's supposed to be a chameleon of a character who turns speedily from a polite and apparently straight young man into a cocky homosexual comfortable with his sexuality; who then just as rapidly becomes distraught and confused about his sexuality; and who finally abandons his job and family, indeed his entire world, to live with a relative stranger. But Wilby is incapable of making the viewer buy a single one of these volatile changes or incarnations.

One doesn't feel, in fact, as if one knows Maurice very well at all. For that matter, one doesn't feel as if the filmmakers know him well either. Take his attitude toward the poor. When Clive dumps him, he starts giving boxing lessons to Cockney young men at a seedy local gymnasium (which is by itself a baffling enough turn of events: Maurice does not impress one as the sort of lad who could teach a Cockney anything about pugilism), and his pupils love him for his egalitarian ways. But later on in the film, just before his involvement with Alec, and apparently in order for his initial anguish over the gamekeeper's social inferiority and his subsequent distrust of the young man to make sense, the script puts in his mouth a few strongly condescending words about the lower orders. So which is it, anyway—snob or democrat?

Hugh Grant's performance is only marginally better. When he sneaks into the courtroom just in time to hear the verdict at Risley's trial, the worried look that comes over his face is of near-Kabuki broadness, and he skulks out of the courtroom like the villain in a nineteenth-century melodrama. Strangely, both Grant and Wilby come

across as too old to be undergraduates and too young to be, respectively, a politician and an investment banker; one problem is that, though the film encompasses only five years in its characters' lives, taking them into their early twenties, Ivory seemingly wants to create the illusion that more time than that is passing. He puts a mustache on Maurice immediately after he leaves college, then takes it off after a couple of years (though partway through the mustache-wearing period, in a fleeting boxing scene that was obviously shot at the same time as a longer, and later, boxing sequence, Maurice is suddenly, briefly clean-shaven); after a while Ivory puts a mustache on Clive as well. In these post-Cambridge sequences, Ivory has both leading men look and act and carry themselves as if they're supposed to be in their forties rather than their early twenties—and it doesn't work; they come across like a couple of boys playing grown-up.

Nor does it help that there's virtually no chemistry between the two actors. Their affair is neither interesting nor convincing; imagine Tyrone Power romancing Martin Milner and you pretty much get the idea. One has no sense of what their affair is like—of the feel of it, the way it develops. Part of the reason for this is the rapid-fire presentation of the opening sequences; Ivory keeps making abrupt leaps of several months—one moment it's 1909, the next 1910—and too often, at the beginning of a sequence, he plunges straight into the action without a moment's foreplay. We watch Maurice and Clive meet; and then, before we can get to know either of them, it's suddenly months later, and they're best friends; and *then* a new sequence fades in, and Clive is in close-up, sitting at Maurice's feet, mumbling something (I think it was "Have you ever been in love?" but I'm not sure; much of the dialogue in this film is hard to make out) and reaching up to touch Maurice's face. It's the Big Moment and Ivory takes us right into it without any warning, without any preliminaries, without the slightest suggestion as to how it happened to come on this day, at this moment. We have no bead on these boys at this point—it's all happening too fast, in too much of a Monarch Notes manner; we feel as if we're seeing it all from outside.

If Maurice's affair with Alec is more compelling, it's because Graves is a very good actor. He has real urgency and passion; when he follows Maurice to London after their first night together, and offers declarations of affection in one breath and blackmail threats in the next, it all makes sense; one knows exactly what he is going through. Whereas Maurice and Clive remain to the end

something of a muddle and a mystery, Alec is utterly comprehensible, a far more sympathetic character—a more believable human being—than either of them.

To watch this movie is to be nagged at by a hundred little questions, doubts, irritations. We don't really learn till after the fact, for example, that Maurice and Clive's affair is platonic. And not until the Risley trial do we have a sense that they are playing a highly dangerous game which could destroy both of their careers. On the contrary, Clive is extremely reckless, cuddling with Maurice in front of the servants and laughing at his embarrassment. To both of them—and to the filmmakers—their romance often seems to be, more than anything else, a delicious little secret, an inside joke on the world around them. Especially on eligible young ladies: several scenes in the film exist for no other purpose, it would appear, than to bid us laugh at some poor girl who is obviously smitten with Clive and trying her best to win him, unaware that he's already taken by the man at his side. Ha ha. In any event, that it takes the Risley trial to make Clive realize what he's risking by being involved with Maurice—and that he so quickly undergoes a complete reversal of attitude in this regard—is thoroughly unbelievable.

Nor is it clear what his real feelings are toward the young lady that he marries. Does he love her? Is he really as capable of heterosexual as he is of homosexual passion, or is he just faking it? At the end of the film, having just learned that Maurice is in love with his gamekeeper, Clive stands pensively at his bedroom window, staring out into the dark, his sweet little wife resting her head lovingly, wonderingly, on his shoulder. We know he's thinking about Maurice, but this doesn't keep Ivory—whose touch is usually so certain—from unnecessarily splicing in a shot of Maurice back at Cambridge (looking, alas, very dopey and unappealing). Then Clive quietly closes the shutters—on his past, on Maurice, on the dark and uncertain and perilous night. Fade out; run credits. It should be a powerful ending. But Clive's feelings are such a question mark at this point that the closing of the shutters seems melodramatic, phony.

The more one thinks of it, in fact, the less one realizes one knows about the people in this film. How much are the boys' mothers aware of, for example (in contemporary jargon: what do they know and when did they know it?), and how do they feel about it? To be sure, many of the supporting characters in *Maurice* aren't there to think or feel anything at all, but simply to spout

remarks which we are meant either to applaud or to jeer at. The hypnotherapist, for instance, who apparently makes his living trying to convert homosexuals into heterosexuals, nonetheless makes a crack at one point about the English intolerance for human nature—his implication being that homosexuality is a natural condition. When I saw the film, the audience erupted in laughter and applause at this line; nobody seemed to find it the slightest bit anachronistic or out of character. Then there's the minister who, thinking that Maurice's interest in Alec is merely charitable, delivers an improbably backward and fatuous speech to him about Alec's lamentable carnality, his commission of the dreadful "sin of sensuality." Patently, this minister exists for no other reason than to deliver remarks for us to scoff at. He's there to make us feel superior, virtuous, open-minded.

Preachy as he is, though, he's no more preachy than the filmmakers, who too often seem less interested in telling their story than in scoring easy points against the foolish prejudices of a society that no longer exists. In the Alec sequences, in particular, the contrast between Clive's wealth, life of artificial comforts, and sexual repression, on the one hand, and Alec's poverty, closeness to nature, and easy acceptance of sexuality, on the other, is much too simply conceived and heavily drawn—not to mention patronizing toward the lower orders. (It's the British equivalent of white Americans' romantic image of blacks as sensuous savages.) To be fair, insofar as this sort of thinking is concerned, the film is perfectly faithful to the sensibility of Forster, who, after making the discovery that the common folk had sexual organs too, got into the habit of writing about democracy as if he'd invented it himself. There's no egalitarian like an Oxbridge egalitarian.

Maurice, then, is positively riddled with flaws. Like the awesomely stupid *Another Country*, though, it's a movie I'd gladly see again just for the *mise en scène*. In any event, I do look forward to the next production by Ivory, Merchant, and (it is to be hoped) Ruth Praver Jhabvala, who usually writes these things but sat this one out in favor of Ivory and a young collaborator named Kit Hesketh-Harvey (a recent Cambridge graduate). In the meantime, let there be no misunderstanding: in a movie landscape populated by goonies and gremlins and robo-cops, even the failures of the Ivory-Merchant team are more deserving of respect, and of serious discussion, than most other filmmakers' successes. *Maurice* is a noble failure. □

BOOK REVIEWS

It is therefore ordered and adjudged by this Court, that you be transported upon the seas beyond the seas, to such place as His Majesty, by the advice of his Privy Council, shall think fit to direct and appoint, for the term of your natural life.

With these words many a bewildered subject of the Crown found himself packed off to what was then His Majesty's most remote possession, an uncharted island continent on the outskirts of Asia. The first of them left in eleven ships from Portsmouth in May 1787 under the care of Captain Arthur Phillip, R.N., whose purpose was clear: to establish a British colony that would provide "a remedy for the evils likely to result from the late alarming and numerous increase of felons in this country." The 736 convicts and 294 crew who left England on this First Fleet were Australia's Founding Fathers.

Today there are few physical reminders of the earliest days. In Sydney harbor, just a stone's throw from the city's world-famous opera house, their landing site has been turned into an American-style tourist attraction called "The Rocks" (an allusion to the rocky outcrops of sandstone that greeted the first settlers). Nothing remains of the original settlement, but the area's handsome nineteenth-century buildings there are enjoying a second life as souvenir shops, pubs, and "genuine Australian" boutique shops, where visitors can pick up everything from the country's famed blue opals to cuddly koala bears and kangaroos.

Later this month a replica of the First Fleet will sail into the harbor to commemorate Australia's bicentennial. Although the re-enactment voyage faces few of the difficulties that bedeviled the original fleet—scurvy and mutiny, to name but two—the trip has not been without its own problems. Early on the Fleet ran short of cash and was stranded in Rio until sufficient private funds were raised to cover the rest of the trip. Unlike Captain Phillip, too, the skipper of this fleet faces a planned demonstration by thousands of Australia's native Aborigines. At the same time the prime minister, Labor's Bob Hawke, is under pressure to declare Australia a republic and thus remove the British Union Jack from the national flag. Others are simply

William McGurn is deputy editorial page editor of the Asian Wall Street Journal.

AUSTRALIA TURNS 200

THE FATAL SHORE

Robert Hughes/Alfred A. Knopf/\$24.95

THE AUSTRALIANS

Ross Terrill/Simon and Schuster/\$19.95

William McGurn

ambivalent about celebrating the arrival of a cargo of British criminals.

On the eve of its bicentennial, therefore, the land that author Donald Horne dubbed "the Lucky Country" displays a hesitancy and unease about its past that could well jeopardize its future. An island that is also a continent, a Western nation that happens to lie in the Orient, a land the size of the continental U.S. that has only the population of Texas, Australia today remains as full of potential as that January day Captain Phillip dropped anchor here 200 years ago. This potential will remain untapped, however, until its people decide what

kind of country they want their Australia to be.

Part of the dilemma is that the ebb and flow of events since the last world war has pulled the country from its traditional moorings. Despite its long history as a British colony and its continued membership in the Commonwealth, Australia has steadily moved away from Britain and toward America, with whom it shares a certain historical disdain for Mother England (down under they tend to refer to the British as "whinging poms"). In many ways this move can be and has been a boon; the peaceful settlement of more than three million immigrants in the postwar era, for example, leans more to the American than British model.



But the danger is that Australia will be suffocated by the imposition of a false American identity on its own landscape. For just as British observations on the American experiment have always been marred by a habit of viewing America as rather an imperfect Britain (and not as a system in itself), so too there is a tendency today to view Australia as a bastard America.

This tendency also influences Australian writing, much as Britain's shadow fell heavily on America's cultural consciousness until this century. In this its bicentennial year, for example, the two most heralded books on the nation, Robert Hughes's *The Fatal Shore* and Ross Terrill's *The Australians*, have been written by Australians who have abandoned their native land for America. The former deals with the country's founding as a penal colony, while the latter tries to capture Australia today. Together they provide a good overview of Australia's national character, such as it is. So doing, their writing reveals many of its strengths, some of its confusions, and, unconsciously, its weaknesses.

By far the more scholarly of the two is *The Fatal Shore*, subtitled "A History of the Transportation of Convicts to Australia, 1787-1868." According to its author, the New York-based art critic for *Time* magazine, the idea for the book came in 1974 while walking amid the ruins of a penitentiary in Tasmania (formerly the notorious Van Diemen's Land), on location for a TV documentary about Australian art. It occurred to him he knew little of Australia's beginnings. "Convict history was ignored in schools and little taught in universities," he says, and *The Fatal Shore* is an attempt to fill in the holes and is written, insofar as possible, from the convicts' perspective. Largely Hughes is successful, and his 688 pages are jammed full of hundreds of first-hand observations by the British officials, soldiers, governors, and, of course, prisoners who made Australia what it was.

If it does nothing else, the chronicle of Australia's first eight decades ought to dispel facile comparisons with America. The most obvious difference, of course, is the fact of the convicts. Although prisoners were also transported to America, there was never anything like the number (some 160,000) that ultimately made their way to this sunburnt land. Nor are there Australian parallels to the Mayflower Compact, the Second Continental

Congress, the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, all of which were conscious expressions of aspects of the American identity. By contrast, Australia has been free of most such conflict, and the country's most memorable battle is the defeat suffered in World War I by the Turks at Gallipoli. Little of the American traditions of self-rule, entrepreneurship, and ordered liberty took root in early Australia, and there is a decided vagueness about its national identity.

The reason for this is Britain. Unlike in the U.S., where the thirteen colonies were not only independent from one another but enjoyed considerable autonomy from the Crown, Australia was, despite the best efforts of some of its settlers (and especially their free-born children) and administrators, ruled first and foremost with the severity a penal colony was thought to demand. Possibly because Britain didn't really know any better, it hampered the development of a yeoman ethos in Australia by its political lock on the economy and its continued export of convict labor. As Captain Phillip bitterly complained, "It is obvious that the settlement, instead of being a colony which will support itself, will, if this practice is continued, remain for years a burthen to the mother country." It was, and it did.

Much of the rest of *The Fatal Shore* is given over to descriptions of convict life in this new colony, along with allusions to the varying degrees of harshness between particular commanders and settlements. Hughes relates the nasty and brutish with particular relish,

and hardly a page goes by without some poor devil getting 200 strokes for a trifling offense. Here, for example, one of the more obstinate convicts, Laurence Frayne, describes the aftermath of one such flogging:

I was literally alive with Maggots and Vermin, nor could I keep them down; to such a wretched and truly miserable state was I reduced, that I even hated the look & appearance of myself. . . . The trifle of soap allowed me to wash our persons & shirts was stopped from me, as I thought to spur me to abuse the Gaol authorities and thereby again subject myself to more cruelty . . . knowing as they all did my hasty temper.

Frayne's case does not appear to be unusual in many settlements, and he is joined by a variety of characters whose exploits could easily have made *The Fatal Shore* a novel. There is Alexander Pearce, for example, a prisoner who cannibalized his comrades during two escape attempts; Mary Bryant—"the girl from Botany Bay"—who with her husband and two children became a celebrity when she piloted a stolen boat 3,250 miles to Timor; Gov. William Bligh, former captain of the infamous *Bounty* (and, it appears by the book's dedication, a relation of Hughes's godson), and so on. The author also notes that only the Irish manage to take positive pride in tracing their ancestry back to the odd horse thief or rebel.

So far so good. Hughes stumbles badly, however, when he turns from relating history to sentimentalizing it. The crucial factor seems to be a surfeit

of Dickens: the men and women of *The Fatal Shore* are either victims or villains, with little room for ordinary folk. Phillip, for example, cries out for fuller treatment as an average man who met rather well the extraordinary task assigned him. But Hughes lavishes attention only on those whose hearts are purer than gold or blacker than pitch. The only thing that saves this mountain of passion from degenerating into mini-series melodrama is that the author often manages to rise above himself to recognize a stubborn truth. Not that he ever lets this get in the way, mind you. But the truths are there nonetheless, hardly warning signs not to take everything else he says at face value.

A good part of this mischief arises from Hughes's obeisance to the icons of the day. Feminism. Class consciousness. Poverty-as-the-main-cause-of-crime, you name it, Hughes has transported it to the pages of *The Fatal Shore*. Thus although he concedes that "to speak of an eighteenth-century 'working class' as though it were a homogeneous entity" is absurd, he rather envies the way the mean-spirited middle and upper classes always acted as one to keep the downtrodden down. As befits a morality play there is even a stick villain here, Society. These people were thieves, murderers, and whores only because Society said they were, not because of anything they might have done.

The shoddiest manifestations of this approach are the parallels he draws with the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. As early as the second page Hughes argues that in Australia Britain drew the sketch for the coming Soviet Gulag; later he refers to Australian apartheid; still later, not quite finished, he refers to one of the more brutal prison camps as Australia's Dachau. His purpose is clear, even if he's a tad confused about exactly which metaphor will get the most attention.

But these cheap comparisons break down under the weight of the author's own testimony: those transported to Australia, with the exception of a number of Irish rebels and a few British firebrands, were by and large ordinary if petty criminals, most of them, he further concedes, repeat offenders. To compare such people with Jews arbitrarily rounded up for the gas chambers or Russians exiled to Siberia betrays a preoccupation with form over substance, a disposition that might fly on the arts pages of *Time* but ill serves a volume of history.

As awful as the penal colony was, moreover, *The Fatal Shore* does not demonstrate that it was more awful than the alternatives. Was it worse than punishment in Britain? (Hughes mentions that many of the guilty were

transported instead of being hanged.) Was it worse than non-British practices of incarceration or punishment? Was it worse than prisons today? Was there no chance of redemption? Far from it. Hughes notes that Australia

was a frontier society that rewarded hard work at any level, to a degree undreamed-of by the English or Irish poor. The out-of-work blacksmith, reduced to petty theft by lack of opportunity, could soon become a flourishing tradesman in Sydney once his sentence was completed. Hope, effort and luck enabled thousands of Emancipists to make a second start in life, better than anything they had known in their British lives. The difference was biggest of all for unskilled workers, whose chances in England had been nil.

And, at the end of the book, he declares that "for all its flaws (and one cannot imagine a prison system without defects) the assignment system in Australia was by far the most successful form of penal rehabilitation that had ever been tried in English, or American or European history." Not many survivors of Dachau or the Gulag would say the same.

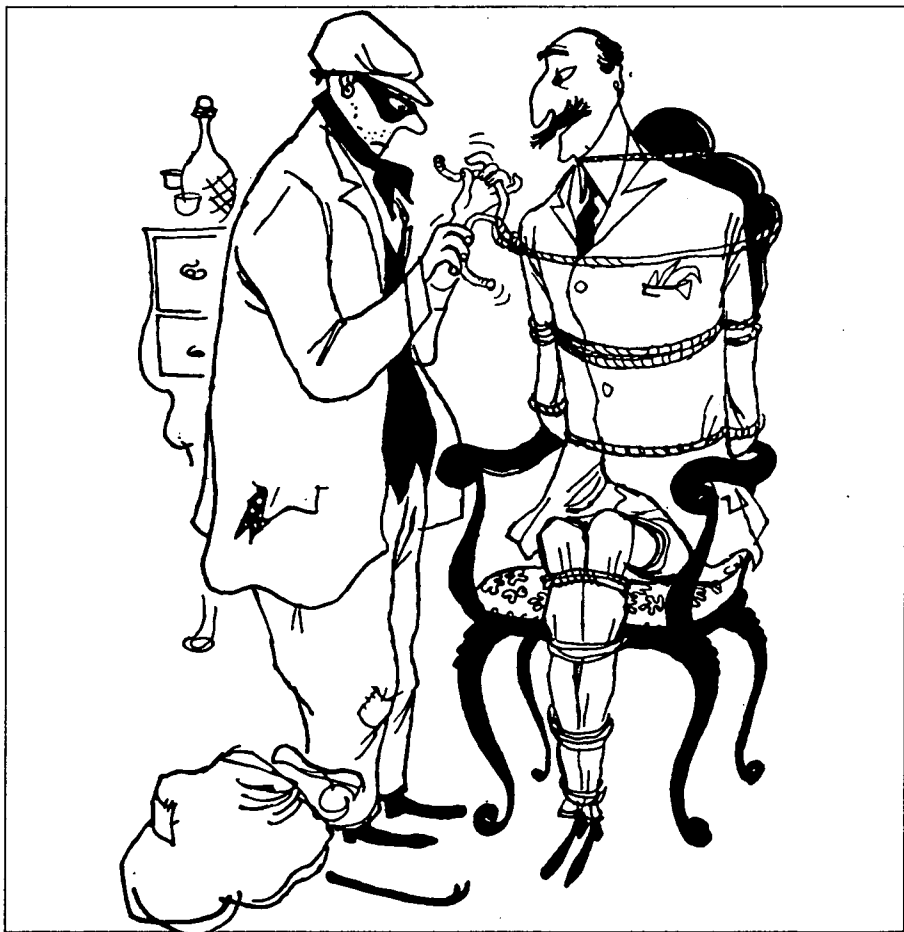
While Robert Hughes was busying himself with Australia's past Ross Terrill was trying to come to terms with its present. The author of several works on China, Terrill today is ensconced at Harvard's East Asian Research Center, having also taken out U.S. citizenship in the process. Like Hughes his primary target is the American and not the Australian reader. Unlike *The Fatal Shore*, however, *The Australians* is more a personal snapshot than a work of history.

Not that this is bad. The style is easy-going, and Terrill does not appear to suffer from the distemper that afflicts the *Time* art critic. By far the best part of the book is the early chapter where he reminisces about his childhood in a Methodist school and the upbringing he received. There is, for example, the adolescent's excitement of seeing the Queen up close:

We Wesley boys had the dazzling privilege of lining the royal route between Essendon airport and Melbourne city. For half a day we waited. Our masters taught us to wave and summarized for us the history of the British monarchy. Elizabeth II arrived. In the past she had existed for me as an oil painting and a high-pitched voice on the radio with her Christmas Message; now she was on Australian soil, dropping by, as it were, for a cuppa tea.

Today, however, writing about his first impressions after his return, he spots a pretty co-ed and notes that Australians "can be remarkably grim-looking for the faces of a hedonistic people." It surprises him.

An old Labor hand, Terrill has easy



access to most of the party's leaders as he traverses the countryside, including Prime Minister Hawke. Yet he is, ironically, much better when interviewing those on the other side of the fence, especially the premier of Queensland, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, sort of a down-under hybrid of Huey Long and Jerry Falwell. Joh gives Terrill his philosophy on dealing with his enemies, particularly the labor unions:

"As with a cement mixer, you don't let it consolidate. Every day I do something to them. I just don't let any situation get accepted." He pauses to move his empty teacup away from the clutter of papers. "In the end they get confused. They jump up and down and shout. And I laugh in front of my TV."

Terrill's fifteen years in America also give him a broader perspective on Australian assumptions about the state's responsibilities:

Here is a single mother, who has a graduate diploma in outdoor studies, and experience in "non-sexist teaching," sending in a complaint to a government unit about "discrimination" because she can't get a job. The reason could be many things: real wages may be too high, imposing structural unemployment, or as a person the single mother may be a pain in the neck. But she is certain that she is unemployed because she's a woman, and one who "took the trouble to be a mother." She now asks the Government to "compensate" for these twin "handicaps." And the Government does . . .

The freneticism that afflicted America and Britain during the sixties and seventies still lingers in Australia.

Unfortunately, the best parts of the book, like these, are teases, with nothing during the moment of truth. With Hughes Terrill bows to the Zeitgeist, especially in his preference for airing the complaints of Australia's feminists. (Why do so many expat Australian males want to parade as an Alan Alda clone?) Despite this, or because of it, the two men also opt for a studied coarseness of tongue. Hughes early on talks about "the first white cock" on Australian soil, while Terrill employs the first of the four-letter words as frequently as possible. All is done in the self-conscious bravado of a randy undergrad who's got hold of the university literary magazine. So doing, both men unconsciously demonstrate the streak of immaturity that runs through Australian intellectual life today.

Like Hughes, too, Terrill is best when he lets his subjects speak for themselves, and speak they certainly do: former prime ministers, old cronies, local literary celebs, and innumerable barflies. No sooner do these folks venture forth a sentence that Terrill can frame between quotation marks, however, than he is zipping off to the next

part of the country or the next issue. In attempting to do too much he leaves the reader with too little, and the dust-jacket boast about the "twenty visits" and "some 22,000 miles" he logged for this book suggest a depth that the contents do not support.

Indeed, for all the ground covered by *The Australians* and *The Fatal Shore*, there's a hollow ring to them. This is because at its core neither has a clear idea of what it wants Australia to be. Hughes, for his part, marshals an impressive body of scholarship to explode many of the nation's comfortable folk myths, but his passion never rises above a Latin American whine about past imperialism. Terrill at least acknowledges the problem—Australia is "a customer in the supermarket of World Culture," he says—and notes that the flip side to the laid-back Paul Hogan Aussie ("put another shrimp on the barbie") is a tragic unwillingness to take charge of one's own destiny:

When I was at college, some feared that Southeast Asian countries might fail to resist the Communist threat and turn Australia into the "last domino." Today some fear that the capitalist economies of Singapore, Korea, and Taiwan might succeed so well that Australia will be left behind as a white backwater amid a dynamic "yellow sea."

How ironic that a vastly underpopulated land, with a free and generous citizenry, situated on the most dynamic spot on the globe, could be so apathetic at the moment when history, geography, and economics are conspiring to hold out a role of badly needed leadership. As an immigrant cabbie grumbled to a *Newsweek* reporter earlier this year, "These are the luckiest people alive, and they don't even know it."

Maybe so. But there is a good chance that Australia might be saved less by a conscious act of will than by her better instincts. Although the moves away from the state have been slow and begrudging, for example, they have come. The problems caused by South Pacific nations such as Fiji, Vanuatu, New Caledonia, and New Zealand are teaching Australia its responsibilities as a regional power. On immigration, too, perhaps the most crucial aspect, a country that not long ago had a "White Australia" program is today an antipodal melting pot, unleashing creative forces that no one can predict. To reap the benefits of this, however, it's crucial that Australia remain fundamentally Western: pluralism, after all, is a *Western* ideal, based on long-developed attitudes toward civil rights, individual liberty, and personal respon-

sibility—not, as Terrill appears to believe, a whorish indifference to standards.

When the First Fleet pulls into Circular Quay on January 26, Australia needs most of all to celebrate the undeniable virtues that turned such a dismal beginning into what has after all been a happy ending. These are the virtues that Britain transported along

with its convicts (even if the mother country did not always live up to them), and they are the same virtues that will serve Australia in good stead in the future. Messrs. Hughes and Terrill have attempted to come to terms with Australia's past and present. What the country awaits is an author with enough confidence and vision to write of its promise. □

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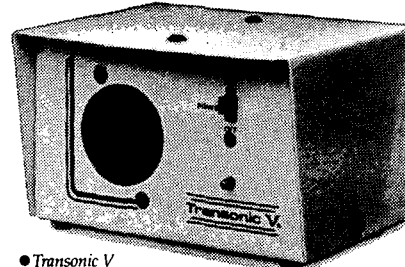
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THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

Tom Wolfe/Farrar, Straus and Giroux/\$19.95

Thomas Mallon

It is Tom Wolfe's triumph in this, his first, novel to spend 659 pages on a tale that could be told in three hundred fewer and not only get away with it, but make the reader realize all he's been missing in this age of short-winded and, quite literally, anti-social fiction. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* has a plot, an ingenious one, but plots have never been the main things in novels or lives. They are interesting only when their peripherals are stirred in, repetitive as teletype unless one knows what tax bases support them; what cars people drive to them; what politics and manners give them motive and grammar. All of which is to say that the inner life is nothing—certainly nothing interesting—without the outer life, and that a novel without aspirations toward being an essay is doomed to be just another modern novel. The truth, despite Virginia Woolf, is that Mrs. Brown, without Mr. Bennett, is a dull wisp; her facts are, in fact, more intriguing than her thoughts. Tom Wolfe has for the last twenty years been the most stylish essayist in America, the best performer in this country's liveliest genre. Venturing into fiction in mid-career risked being an act of genre-slumming, but has instead turned out to be a kind of mercy mission.

Sherman McCoy, a 38-year-old Master of the Universe, is a million-dollar-a-year bond salesman with a Park Avenue co-op; a fine Protestant chin, an indifferent wife, a lovely little daughter; a Mercedes; and a mistress, a Southern-accented bombshell named Maria, who keeps a little trysting pad for those "moments when the Master of the Universe stripped away the long-faced proprieties of Park Avenue and Wall Street and let his rogue hormones out for a romp!" Sherman's life takes a wrong turn, literally, when one night he picks Maria up at JFK and, on the way home, misses the off-ramp for Manhattan, winding up in the Bronx, where the two of them are, first, the victims of a highway-robbery setup (the tire-thrown-into-traffic scenario) and then, with Maria at the wheel and the

two of them trying feverishly to get away, perpetrators of the hit-and-run death of a black kid from the projects named Henry Lamb, who may or may not have been the tire-thrower's accomplice.

Before Henry Lamb dies, and before Sherman and Maria are even sure what's happened, Sherman is exhilarated. Back in his mistress's hideaway, he says: "You're right, Maria. It was like something in the jungle. . . . You know something, Maria? We fought." But, poor rich slob that he is, Sherman is about to lose everything, all his WASP birthrights and all his eighties acquisitions, in a chops-licking uproar of trashy politics and tabloid glee.

The Reverend Reginald Bacon, an activist-hustler from Harlem—a "poverty pimp" as the current Mayor of New York used to put it in more verbally confident days—turns Henry Lamb into a symbol of white judicial indifference to black victimization. In fact, the Jewish D.A. of the Bronx is always in search of a Great White Defendant, someone whose prosecution will mollify the non-white electorate he'll soon again face, and he eventually manages to find Sherman on the basis of a partially seen license number. Meanwhile, the *City Light*, a Murdochian daily whose staffers include the alcoholic young Brit, Peter Fallow, turns Henry Lamb into a sacrificial paragon after a phone call to his English teacher at Colonel Jacob Ruppert High School in the Bronx: "At Ruppert," Mr. Rifkind tells Fallow, "we use comparative terms, but out-

standing isn't one of them. The range runs more from cooperative to life-threatening . . . at Colonel Jacob Ruppert High School, an honor student is somebody who attends class, isn't disruptive, tries to learn, and does all right at reading and arithmetic." From then on, as the ring closes around Sherman, it's always an "HONOR STUDENT" he's mown down in *City Light* headlines (which run to ones like SCALP GRANDMA, THEN ROB HER, and which Wolfe has a gleefully DosPassosian time writing).

New York in the eighties is a single city composed of two worlds, First and Third, poised against each other in a tension alternately dynamic and sickening, and this is Wolfe's real subject, the gulf between White Manhattan, an "offshore boutique," and most of what's north of 96th Street, known to everyone who lives here as the DMZ. As *Bonfire's* dyspeptic Jewish mayor rants in one of the frenzied interior monologues that are a speciality of the author's:

Come down from your swell co-ops, you general partners and merger lawyers! It's the Third World down there! . . . Go visit the frontiers, you gutless wonders! Morningside Heights, St. Nicholas Park, Washington Heights, Fort Tryon—*por que pagar mas!* . . . Brooklyn—your Brooklyn is no more! Brooklyn Heights, Park Slope—little Hong Kongs, that's all! And Queens! Jackson Heights, Elmhurst, Hollis, Jamaica, Ozone Park—whose is it? Do you know? And where does that leave Ridgewood, Bayside, and Forest Hills? Have you ever thought about that! And Staten Island! Do you Saturday do-it-yourselfers really think you're snug in your little rug? You don't think the future knows how to cross a bridge?

But all is not apocalypse in these 659 pages. Wolfe has time for word-photo essays on changes in upper-East-Side decor between the 1970s and eighties (mirrored walls gave way to lacquer and tile); vignettes of Eurotrash and the bond market; transcripts of the witlessly fake conviviality of the Hive that

listlessly parties from Good Building to Good Building. (The only false temporal note Wolfe—or, more precisely, Sherman—strikes, concerns sex: "It was in the air! It was a wave! Everywhere! Inescapable! . . . Sex! . . . There for the taking!" In the eighties? When it's crawled under a latex rock? AIDS makes a brief, and awkwardly obligatory, appearance in a chapter called "The Masque of the Red Death.")

If anything, Wolfe does the Bronx, where Sherman's felony is investigated and tried, better than he does Manhattan. The "chow" arrives each morning at the D.A.'s office, police vans full of those accused of the "same stupid, dismal, pathetic, horrifying crimes . . . committed day in and day out, all the same." Tough little Judge Myron Kovitsky speaks, from the bench, in one of the dozens of idiolects that squawk through the book. "All right, then you know that if you pull any more of that arrant bullshit in this courtroom, you're gonna wish you never laid eyes on Mike Kovitsky!"

What Wolfe really loves is "Tawkin' Irish" (one of the chapter titles), and *Bonfire* is full of Mick-worship:

All the cops turned Irish, the Jewish cops, like Goldberg, but also the Italian cops, the Latin cops, and the black cops. The black cops even; nobody understood the police commissioners, who were usually black, because their skin hid the fact that they had turned Irish. The same was true of assistant district attorneys in the Homicide Bureau. You were supposed to turn Irish. The Irish were disappearing from New York, so far as the general population was concerned. . . . And yet the Irish stamp was on the Police Department and on the Homicide Bureau of the D.A.'s Office, and it would probably be there forever. Irish machismo—that was the dour madness that gripped them all. . . . Irish bravery was not the bravery of the lion but the bravery of the donkey.

Detective Martin has to examine a shooting victim with Assistant D.A. Lawrence Kramer:

Two-thirds of his head was gone. The rear window of the Cadillac looked as if someone had thrown a pizza up against it. The red bib was arterial blood, which had pumped out of the stalk of his head like a fountain. Kramer backed out of the car. "Shit!" he said. "Did you see that? How did they—I mean, *shit!* it's all over the car!" To which Martin had said, "Yeah, musta ruined his whole fucking day."

When Sherman finally fights for his WASP hide, it's not with the Protestant family retainer at his side, but with Tommy ("Whaddaya whaddaya?") Killian, from the Reade Street offices of Dershtkin, Bellavita, Fishbein and Schlossel.



Thomas Mallon is the author of *A Book of One's Own: People and Their Diaries*. His first novel, *Arts and Sciences*, will be published in February.

But *Bonfire* is no mere ethnic-racial brawl. Wolfe paints a half dozen moral issues in gaudy shades of gray. The Bronx D.A. wants to make it with the voters and Assistant D.A. Kramer, bored with his nice wife and small salary, wants to make it with the gorgeous brown-lipsticked juror he chatted up after the last case he prosecuted. Going after Sherman McCoy is a way to impress both objects of lust. So doubts are shelved, scruples swallowed. They both talk themselves into the nobility of it all ("A highly publicized arrest of this Wall Street investment banker in his apartment—it happened to be a brilliant idea! Demonstrate the evenhandedness of justice in the Bronx—absolutely!"). And the fact is that Sherman McCoy and his girlfriend *did* commit a crime, even if they were high-tailing it away from the Crack King of Evergreen Avenue, whose relationship with "honor student" Henry Lamb is in doubt until far into the book. One of Wolfe's feats is to sicken the reader into ambivalence even as he plies him with hilarity.

In its early chapters *Bonfire* betrays a bit of wedding-night uneasiness between its novelist and essayist, perhaps something left over from the book's origins: Wolfe took his own Dickensian dare for *Rolling Stone* and serialized it over nearly thirty issues of the magazine. Now much changed (Sherman used to be a writer), some of the book's early chapters nonetheless seem too leisurely episodic; scenes don't shift quickly enough until about a third of the way through. But from first to last essayist and novelist collaborate much more than fight. Consider this description of the Bronx D.A.'s press secretary: "Milt Lubell had worked on the old New York *Mirror* back when Walter Winchell still had his column. He had known the great man ever so slightly and had carried his breathless snap-brim way of talking onward into the last days of the twentieth century." To write a paragraph like that, one has to *know* things, and the truth about most of today's novelists is that they don't know much and are interested in less. In these pulseless days of Bret Easton Ellis, Wolfe has decided to be bouncily Victorian, serving up individual chapter titles, even an epilogue. There are some extraordinary set pieces, too: Sherman's arraignment ("A liberal is a conservative who has been arrested"), ludicrously harrowing, the climax of the tragedy of the common millionaire; the death of Maria's piggish old husband, Arthur, at the restaurant *La Boue d'Argent*, a scene Blake Edwards couldn't have staged better.

In these minimalist times Wolfe remains, stylistically, a committed max-

imalist, a psychedelic Balzac pulling out all his familiar, greased-lightning stops: the exclamation points; the litanies of disbelief ("They're cowards! Parasites! The lice of public life!"); the allegoric categories (women at East Side parties are social X-rays or Lemon Tarts); the onomatopoeia; the lengthily compounded adjectives ("Lit up his face in tones of first-degree-burn pink and cobalt-therapy blue"). Every time

the Brit reporter wakes with a hangover the reader has to brace himself: "Fallow opened one eye and saw the telephone lying in a brown Streptolone nest. He was dizzy, and he hadn't even lifted his head. Great curds of eye trash swam in front of his face. The pounding blood was breaking up the mercury yolk into curds, and the curds were coming out of his eye."

All this virtuosity is lavished upon

those living and killing in the city conservatives most enjoy hating. But Wolfe is the least biliously scornful of satirists. There is in this immense book, as in all he has written, a kind of bedrock amiability. This is his achievement, not only as a writer, one suspects, but as a man as well. He has gone out in his white suit to stroll the boulevards of glitz and depravity. He has missed nothing and come home whistling. □

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Volume XXII, Number 9

John H. Bland, M.D.:

OUR MOST COMMON DISEASE

Despite what you've heard, you don't get osteoarthritis because of "wear and tear," and you don't get it because you're getting older. . . and it just may get better.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Dr. John H. Bland is professor of medicine and a member of the rheumatology and clinical immunology unit at the University of Vermont College of Medicine. There has been a tremendous increase in scientific interest in osteoarthritis in recent years and investigators are beginning to arrive at a new and more promising understanding of this mysterious and complicated disorder. We have asked Dr. Bland, a longtime researcher in the field, to distill for you some of this current information about a condition we nearly all have and nearly all misunderstand.

Paleontologists have dug up and examined the bones of at least 13 *diplodocus longae* and six of these giant dinosaurs had osteoarthritis. Chickens develop osteoarthritis as do a wide variety of other birds, amphibians, reptiles, and mammals. Even whales, whose joints are spared the stiffness of weight-bearing by their buoyant environment, develop osteoarthritis.

Despite the widespread prevalence of osteoarthritis in the animal kingdom (and it appears that the disease is much the same from animal to animal), a normal, properly functioning mammalian joint will not "wear out" — it is simply too efficient. There is about as much friction between the

cartilage-covered surfaces inside a joint as there is between two cubes of ice, and it has been observed that if the lubrication system of a jet engine worked as well as that of a pig's knee the engine would be four times as efficient. This superb combination of structural materials and lubricants means that there is virtually no shearing force between the surfaces of a healthy joint. A surface cannot wear unless such force exists and it follows that "wear and tear" can neither take place inside a healthy joint nor give rise to osteoarthritis. The notion that wear and tear causes osteoarthritis is one of the great myths surrounding this condition. So what then does cause osteoarthritis?

St. Ferguson Anderson, D.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P. (Scotland), Emeritus Professor of Geriatric Medicine, University of Glasgow, Emeritus Consultant Physician in Geriatric Medicine, Southern General Hospital, Glasgow. Former Member of World Health Organization Expert Advisory Panel on Organization of Medical Care.

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FREEDOM

William Safire/Doubleday/\$24.95

Lionel Abel

William Safire has written a wise and often absorbing account of the first two years of the Civil War, from the First Manassas (Bull Run) defeat of the Union Army in 1861, to the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, which at least gave some promise of Union victory. The hero of this account—most certainly not a novel despite its publisher's claim—is hardly a dramatic creation of Mr. Safire, being none other than President Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, probably the most interesting individual—from a psychological as well as from a dramatic standpoint—to have appeared (in life or in print) on American soil. If we try to think of some American figure we might plausibly compare with the heroes of Greek or Shakespearean tragedy, we soon find we have no one at all in our literature, and in life only Lincoln. And our biographers, including Carl Sandburg, and our fiction writers, like Gore Vidal, have, in writing of Lincoln, done only partial justice to him, not having set the man with his unsen-

timental cast of mind in his full manliness before us. So it will be seen that Mr. Safire has given himself a most significant task, and if I am right about how he has acquitted himself at it, this country and its literature are greatly in his debt.

One idea that I was left with after having read *Freedom*—an idea certainly not proved, but then little is proved by historical fact—is that even during the nineteenth century, we Americans were not capable of fighting an unideological war. President Lyndon Johnson had no inkling of this historical weakness of ours—and his—and was not helped to understand it by the Democratic party's favorite historian, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., when a decision as to whether to intervene in Vietnam was before our government. Mr. Safire makes it clear that Lincoln was unable to fight successfully so long as he did not commit himself to the Abolitionist ideology; Safire also shows us Lincoln making every effort to get along militarily without it. The climax of *Freedom* comes at the book's close, after more than a thousand pages devoted, in the main, to Lincoln's defeats, military and political. And then, on the first day of 1863, Lincoln announces his Emancipation Procla-

mation, sought from the outset of the war by the Abolitionists. The Proclamation was just a war measure and Lincoln understood it to be essentially that; though he never expected the Southern blacks to revolt, and was not disappointed that they did not. His aim was simply to allay the rage against him of the Abolitionists, who had criticized him for fighting his war, not theirs. And *his* war, Lincoln finally came to see, could not be won.

The war that Lincoln *wanted* to fight was to have as its sole political goal the vindication of the republic by force of arms. Such a goal had little meaning to the Abolitionists so long as Washington had not publicly committed itself to cleansing the South of slavery. And while Lincoln had not decided on war out of hatred for slavery, hatred, it appeared, was needed to firm up his army emotionally, and bring it the recruits it required. Now hatred is what the Abolitionists alone could supply.

Are Americans still incapable of fighting an unideological war? Our weakness in this respect was demonstrated during the Vietnam fiasco. I bring this matter up again because it has not been sufficiently noted that *Freedom* was conceived and actually begun while its author was a speechwriter for President Nixon, then trying to end our venture in Southeast Asia. At that time, the point was constantly made by the political right that President Johnson had erred in trying to fight the war without justifying it ideologically. The right thought we should have fought an anti-Communist war. Now that President Johnson did not want to fight in this way does him credit, in my view. For an ideological war at that time could easily have brought us into conflict with China. But it had already become apparent by the time of Nixon's election that if it was dangerous to fight an ideological war in Vietnam, without a fighting ideology we might actually be defeated, a dilemma for the American President in 1968 not unlike that faced by Lincoln between 1861 and 1863.

How Lincoln was prevailed upon by events to yield to the ideological promptings of the Abolitionists makes not only fascinating but instructive reading. And while the events in *Freedom* are only occasionally of the kind one expects in a novel, the narrative does turn up situations which have novelistic interest. I have in mind the love relationships of John Breckinridge, the Senator from Kentucky (later to be a general in the Confederate Army), with the Abolitionist Anna Carroll, and also with the Confederate spy Rose O'Neal Greenhow (the double liaison is an invention of Mr. Safire's).

The possibilities of drama for an American politician caught in such involvements are most intriguing; unhappily, Mr. Safire, dealing with real individuals taken from historical records, did not have all the freedom to invent a novelist must have. Historical fact, it seems, may restrict literary invention, even as it may inspire it. And something else has restricted the author. Mr. Safire is, it seems to me, less intrigued by the incidence of erotic feeling in a political context than in the incidence of political feeling in an erotic one.

I must also say against *Freedom* (considering it for a moment as a novel) that while its action develops, the characters who are entangled in it—with the possible exception of the President—do not, so that we can hardly ever feel that we have come to know them better. And they often describe their feelings in a way which makes us speculate on the kind of columnists they might have been in other circumstances—Mr. Lincoln would surely have made a columnist to excite even Mr. Safire's envy. It has been said that the novelist lends his characters his vision without taking their place. If Mr. Safire sometimes satisfies this first requirement of the novelist, he often fails the second.

I was struck by this detail: the two women involved sentimentally with Senator Breckinridge seem as free from sexual inhibition as the most aristocratic Frenchwomen of the eighteenth century's salons, and as interested in political ideas. One wonders: To what extent did Anna Carroll and Rose O'Neal Greenhow depart from the accepted mores of their time? From Mr. Safire's unnovelistic treatment of them we are left only with the fact of their unconventionality, but without a clue as to how they were socially regarded.

Though I am by no means the only reviewer to have found *Freedom* interesting, I do seem to be among the very few who have found an importance in it that goes beyond its evident readability. Professor C. Vann Woodward in the *New York Review of Books* has even asked, "... is it worth reading?" and refuses to answer his own question. He quotes Edmund Wilson's remark on the articulateness of almost everyone in the period, and asks: With such articulate individuals, and "a script that outdoes fiction for improbability ... why resort to fiction?" From which one must assume that in C. Vann Woodward's judgment, *Freedom* does not offer enough to the "finicky"—this is Woodward's word—to be worth reading.

Now I find this argument from a historian we all have to respect just amazing.



Lionel Abel, professor emeritus at the State University of New York at Buffalo, is author of *Metatheatre*, *Intellectual Follies*, and most recently, *Important Nonsense* (Prometheus Books).

Surely Professor Woodward knows as well as anyone that in the great theatre of the French seventeenth century, every story told by Livy and Tacitus was dramatized. Now the figures of Roman history were at least as articulate as nineteenth-century Americans, and the situations they found themselves in were often extraordinary; but these are the very reasons which made Corneille write of Pompey, Sertorius, and Horatius, Racine of Britannicus and Berenice. But more is involved here than a taste for extraordinary characters and improbable situations, yielding different results to different writers. The important fact about the drama of seventeenth-century France is that the writers of that period regarded Roman history as continuous with France's, the French, in their view, being the real inheritors of Rome. If the Romans came from Aeneas, then the French came from Andromache, and that is why she and Astyanax emerge safely from the tragedy of Racine's play. Now we Americans hardly have a history to match that of either France or Rome, and there are not many Americans who know their own history well. Can there really be any legitimate reason for questioning the worth of an original slant on the first two years of our Civil War, and this by a man who at least can write, even if he is not a professional historian?

If *Freedom* is not to be regarded either as a novel or as a scholarly history—I think it is because he took it from a scholar's viewpoint that C. Vann Woodward came to question its usefulness—then by what standard are we to judge it? Let us call it a work of intellectual journalism, of which this century has seen some very great examples. I have in mind Gide's *Journey to the Congo*, Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, and, greatest of all, *The Gulag Archipelago* of Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Mr. Safire's *Freedom* can be classed with such outstanding works of mind, and loses nothing in our literary estimation when not regarded as a novel.

Modern historians have indicated that they are now opposed to narrative form in the writing of history. What they have in mind is something I came to think myself many years ago when in an essay on Georges Bataille I penned this sentence: "A story is true to the degree that it is not a story." To which there is a corollary: Facts lose interest when *not* in a story. If our historians from now on turn their backs on narration there are still gifted writers like Mr. Safire who are ready to reintroduce into historical accounts that element of story telling without which facts lack any color or quality, and cannot persuade us to remember them. □

HEMINGWAY

Kenneth S. Lynn/Simon and Schuster/\$24.95

Wilfred M. McClay

Everyone knows Ernest Hemingway. Or, at least, they think they do. It is hardly possible not to, for Hemingway is one of the inescapable presences of our century, a combative, swaggering, larger-than-life figure whose spectacular and highly publicized extraliterary exploits became, early in his career, the stuff of an unforgettable persona. From his bold skirmishes in the bullring and the boxing ring, to his extravagant African hunting safaris, to his uncanny fearlessness and savoir-faire in the face of battle, all of Hemingway's putative feats seemed to mark him as the embodiment of an intensely masculine, Homeric ideal, grafted onto a twentieth-century version of the bold, independent, experience-hungry romantic artist. No less than such legendary nineteenth-century culture heroes as Lord Byron or Franz Liszt, Hemingway the artist has seemed tightly inseparable in the mind of his public from Hemingway the man. In his characteristically understated, stripped-down tales of violence and sex, as well as his worldly-wise and unillusioned persona, he captured the imagination of the entire world, for he seemed to absorb fully the brutal underside of life in our time, and offer it up whole in hard, crystalline prose that never dissembled and never flinched.

But the Hemingway the world knows is very different from the man who stares out in poignant vacancy from the dust jacket of Kenneth Lynn's new biography. His puffy-lidded, exhausted, vaguely pleading eyes attest to a longstanding torment, and a sense of looming defeat. The deep creases in his face and the wavy sweeps of his unruly hair and beard converge and swirl, like the whirlpools of angst in a Van Gogh self-portrait. In this extraordinarily evocative photograph, one begins to sense the fathomless, helpless melancholy of the gifted man who, despite his receipt of a Nobel Prize, worldwide acclaim, and a lifetime's worth of honors, finally turned a twelve-gauge, double-barreled shotgun against himself early on a Sunday morning in the summer of 1961, and blasted away his

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entire cranial vault. This Hemingway is a very different man from the Hemingway of grandiose myth.

So, too, is the Hemingway depicted in the pages of Lynn's biography, one fact which immediately distinguishes it from most of what has been written about Hemingway. Over the years, Hemingway and his work have generally been approached in two quite different ways: in a spirit of uncritical admiration, or in a spirit of unrestrained debunking. In the fabulous anecdotes about Hemingway's manly prowess circulated in the public press during the forties and fifties, the pleasing image of Hemingway's hard drinking and hard playing is unmarred by the waves of desperation that drove his increasingly compulsive and self-destructive behavior. On the other hand, there have always been plenty of critics who found Hemingway's taste for breast-beating annoying, and who take great delight in labeling him a colossal fraud. Even his suicide did not deter such hell-bent debunkers as Dwight Macdonald from gloating that the champ, finding himself bloody and bowed in the fifteenth round, had taken the easy way out by taking the coward's way out.

Such a fruitless and artificial division of opinion could never have

arisen, had the Hemingway persona not been so powerfully alive—so powerful indeed that, even from the perspective of the debunkers, it prevented an unhindered view of Hemingway's writing. Why, for example, would a hypermasculine writer, whether real or fake, put a sexually incapacitated male character like Jake Barnes—a journalist in Paris, just as Hemingway was himself—at the center of *The Sun Also Rises*? Why does the Hemingway-like outdoorsman of "Big Two-Hearted River" betray a strange and indeterminate nervousness, which he dares not name? For those who actually read Hemingway's work, and did so with sympathy and interest, there had to be a more satisfying explanation.

But the explanation seized upon by many of the most influential critics, from Malcolm Cowley to Edmund Wilson, amounted to little more than a politically inspired variation upon the mythic theme, transcribed, as it were, for the left hand. According to his own accounts (which, as Lynn demonstrates, were riddled with lies and exaggerations), Hemingway had been heroically wounded in the First World War. Surely, these critics speculated, Hemingway also incurred a profound *psychic* wound brought on by his disgust for the senseless slaughter of the war, a wound which would account for the haunted imagery of death and destruction and the language of disillusionment which permeate so much of his work. The "war wound" interpretation had the great virtue, in their eyes, of making the bloody-minded Hemingway into a politically correct, anti-war writer, without significantly sacrificing his lingering aura of machismo. It also had the virtue, from Hemingway's point of view, of dressing up his char-



acters' peculiar anxieties, dreads, and preoccupations in the more presentable garb of World History.

After Kenneth Lynn's account of Hemingway, however, it will be impossible for any of these explanations to be persuasive, except to those who have a personal or ideological stake in their old position. For Lynn's biography sweeps the landscape of Hemingway scholarship clean, leaving standing little of what has been said and written in the past. Skeptical readers may well come to the book wondering how anything new could possibly be said about Hemingway after all these years. They will come away from the book wondering how so much was misread, for so long, by so many.

Lynn has studied Hemingway with cool analytical precision and with the imaginative sympathy of a novelist. Better than any previous biographer, he has succeeded in weaving life and work into a single fabric, and through brilliantly intuitive detective work, has been able to show the complex process by which Hemingway transmuted the events of his life into fiction, and used that fiction simultaneously to express and to conceal his innermost thoughts. It will be impossible henceforth to read Hemingway in the same way. By attending to previously neglected aspects of both life and work, Lynn has transformed our vision of the whole, and in the process laid bare the sources of Hemingway's creativity. There was indeed a wound that figured decisively in Hemingway's art and life; but it was a wound inflicted far earlier in life, and under far less flattering circumstances, than his mythologists care to believe. The key to Ernest Hemingway is not to be found in the far-flung romantic locales of his public life, but in the decidedly unheroic, middle-class environs of Oak Park, Illinois, his boyhood home—a place about which, significantly, he could never summon the courage to write directly.

Perhaps Hemingway's restless shade will wince to hear such truths told at last. But perhaps not. As he himself observed in his Nobel Prize address: "Things may not be immediately discernible in what a man writes . . . but eventually they are quite clear and by these and the degree of alchemy that he possesses he will endure or be forgotten." So long as Hemingway has been caught in the crossfire between worshippers and debunkers, the advent of that sought-after clarity has eluded him, and the critical estimate of his work has as a consequence continued to sink. Lynn has in fact done Hemingway an enormous favor—one the novelist could never have done for

himself—by lifting from his shoulders an immense, largely self-imposed burden of fancy and falsehood, thus making it possible for us to read his work freshly, as the tale of a ceaseless, and finally tragic, inner struggle.

To be sure, many elements of that struggle have been adumbrated before. We know, for example, that his father's suicide, about which he spoke frequently in both his life and his work, haunted him for the rest of his life. But no one before Lynn has realized how central a role his mother played in that drama. Contemptuous of suicide as a form of sinful cowardice, Hemingway flushed with shame whenever he thought of his father's weakness. But then he was likely to erupt into a rage at his domineering mother, whom he believed to have driven her husband to such extremes. And indeed, Grace Hall Hemingway was a physically imposing, self-possessed woman, used to having her own way in everything, whatever the cost. Known for her tomboyish ways as a young girl, Grace ruled the Hemingway household with an effective combination of naked assertiveness and well-timed attacks of fatigue. Fancying herself an artist, she disdained the humdrum duties of the *Hausfrau*, to such an extent that Hemingway's father had to take care of the food shopping and much of the cooking, on top of his demanding practice as a physician. (There is also evidence Grace may have had a female lover, who lived in the house until Hemingway's father could stand her presence no more and, in a rare display of backbone, ordered her out.) Grace's egotism and self-indulgence, in tandem with her husband's strange submissiveness to her will, would leave an indelible mark on the young Ernest. First and last, says Lynn, Grace was the "dark queen" of Hemingway's inner world, a treacherous paradigm of all womankind. The strange combination of extreme callousness and extreme dependency which marked Hemingway's dealing with women had their beginning with

Grace. And the manipulative intent he sensed behind Grace's unctuous recitation of shallow Protestant pieties was the true source of the nausea he felt, long before he went to war, when he heard people speak of high ideals.

One of Grace's whims, which other Hemingway biographers have passed over far too lightly, was her elaborate fantasy that Ernest and his older sister Marcelline were to be raised as if they were twins of the same sex. Undoubtedly this urge was grounded, as Lynn suggests, in the limitations of Grace's own upbringing—but the psychological damage to Ernest and Marcelline was profound and lasting. Ernest was dressed as a girl with a girlish hairdo, to match Marcelline's; they slept in the same bedroom, in twin white cribs; they had identical toys and identical dolls. Grace often referred to Ernest as her "sweet Dutch dolly," and a photograph of two-year-old Ernest in girl's clothing bears the inscription "summer girl." Just to confuse the two children further as to precisely who and what they were—although undoubtedly this was not her conscious intention—she dressed both as *boys* during family stays at their summer cottage in northern Michigan. The stern but impotent Dr. Hemingway's seething reaction to this bizarre charade can only be guessed at. Not until Ernest went off to kindergarten was the pattern of same-sex dressing broken off; but Grace still went to the extreme of holding Marcelline back from grade school a year, so the two "twins" could begin at the same time.

Small wonder, under the circumstances, that Hemingway grew into such a peculiar man. Even at the age of twenty, Hemingway's demeanor caused Gregory Clark of the *Toronto Star* to marvel that "a more weird combination of quivering sensitiveness and preoccupation with violence never walked the earth." Laboring under the double burden of his parents' unhappy relationship and the disorienting pretense of his "twinhood," Hemingway could not escape being chronically uncertain of his masculinity and emotionally crippled in his relations with women. But Lynn has gone much further than merely to offer striking corroboration of this familiar view of Hemingway. What he has uncovered is a powerful preoccupation with androgyny and sexual crossing in Hemingway's work, a preoccupation that manifests itself in countless ways, in virtually everything Hemingway wrote. Thus, the residue of his strange childhood became incorporated into the persistent imagery of twinhood in his work; into Hemingway's ability to think himself imaginatively into female

characters, as in the story "Up in Michigan" or the novel *A Farewell to Arms*; into Hemingway's peculiar erotic preoccupation with short-haired, boyish, or lesbian women; into the Hemingwayesque male-female relationships which so often strain to resemble buddy-buddy male friendships (and view the specter of pregnancy and childbirth as a cruel destroyer); and even into the great Hemingway love scenes which, as Lynn points out, are filled with erotic whisperings and playful pillow talk about the exchanging of sexual roles. Tender moments in *A Farewell to Arms*, for example, emerge in a different light when one perceives the androgynous sensibility that activates them:

"Darling, why don't you let your hair grow [says Catherine Barkley to Lieutenant Frederic Henry]?"

"How grow?"

"Just grow a little longer."

"It's long enough now."

"No, let it grow a little longer and I could cut mine and we'd be just alike only one of us blonde and one of us dark."

"I wouldn't let you cut yours."

"It would be fun. I'm tired of it. It's an awful nuisance in the bed at night."

"I like it."

"Wouldn't you like it short?"

"I might. I like it the way it is."

"It might be nice short. Then we'd both be alike. Oh darling, I want you so much I want to be you too."

"You are. We're the same one."

"I know it. At night we are."

"The nights are grand."

Catherine also says to Frederic elsewhere in the novel that "I'm you," that he should not "make up a separate me," and that she wants only "what you want. There isn't any me any more. Just what you want." In light of Hemingway's preoccupation with blurred sexual identity, these words cannot be read, in the manner of strident feminist critics, as a fantasy of complete male domination, emanating from a man who hated women. And the recurrence of the same kinds of images and conversations, in story after story, novel after novel—from such early stories as "Soldier's Home," through *The Sun Also Rises*, and most graphically of all, in the recently published fragment of *The Garden of Eden*—makes it clear beyond question that Hemingway's own erotic ideal was bound up in the confusion and commingling of the sexes, and that the seeds of this ideal can be found not in Paris, but in Oak Park.

In the earliest works, which Lynn still regards as his best, Hemingway found a way to give uncanny expression to the things that troubled him most, without ever revealing precisely what they were. These stories are more like



cryptic, fragmentary, lyric poems than straightforward works of narrative prose, and it was in such shorter forms that Hemingway excelled. As Lynn observes, he always said that he wanted "to make people feel more than they understood," and in a vividly compressed, meticulously controlled masterpiece like "Indian Camp" or "Big Two-Hearted River," he could pull it off, because the brevity of the form itself spared him the necessity of expounding on matters he dared not touch directly. But from the moment he began to tackle the novel (in *The Sun Also Rises*), he found himself adrift in a more complex literary form, whose demands did not permit him to play hide-and-seek with his anxieties so easily.

Unfortunately, it was in those very years that the Hemingway myth began to take root, and its imprisoning effects on Hemingway's creative imagination were already clearly visible by 1932, with the publication of his pretentious ode to the Spanish bullfight, *Death in the Afternoon*. Max Eastman immediately dubbed it "Bull in the Afternoon," and not without reason, for as Lynn points out, its hero was not a haunted Jake Barnes or Nick Adams, but "an overbearing know-it-all named Ernest Hemingway." With each passing year, Hemingway found the temptations of the myth harder to resist, even though dependence on it increasingly meant living a lie, and what is worse, exiling himself from the emotional wellsprings of his art. A work like *The Garden of Eden*, which put aside the mythic mask, was far too dangerous, too revealing of precisely the things Hemingway wanted to hide, for it ever to be finished, let alone published in his lifetime. Even his remarkable success with *The Old Man and the Sea* in 1952 did not really alter the downward curve of his career, for that was a book bathed in a sort of crowd-pleasing sentimentality and crude symbolism that the younger Hemingway would have disdained. In the end, the power of the myth overwhelmed all, and the mask merged with the face. But, as the shotgun blast on that July morning proved, the mask could never remake the man in its own image.

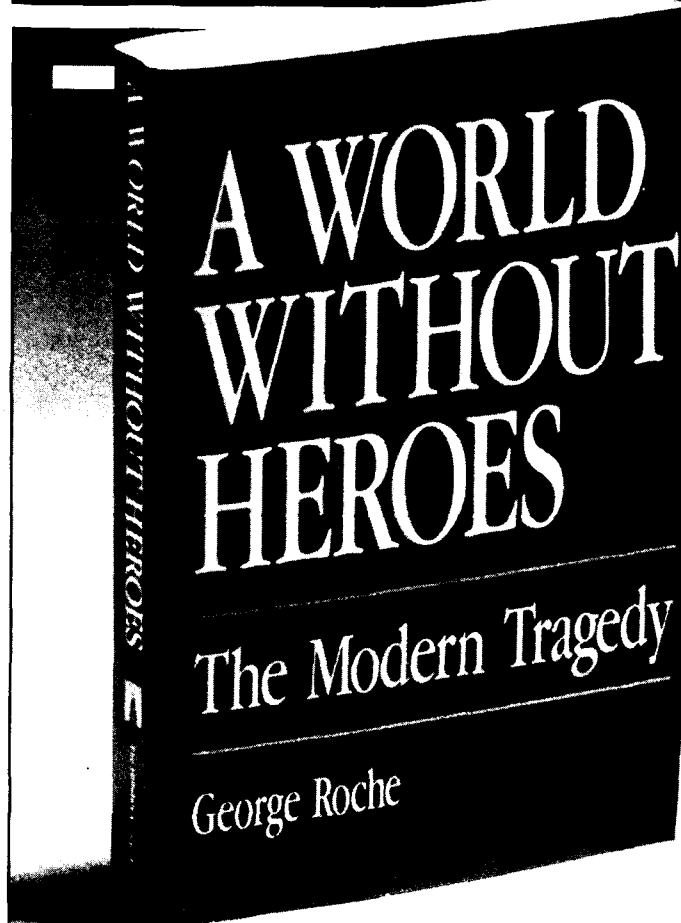
When the dust begins to settle after the initial impact of Lynn's book, those who genuinely admire Hemingway's art will find that his new biographer has given their man a new lease on life. Virtually every major work in the Hemingway oeuvre will now have to be rethought and reinterpreted, in line with this new understanding of their author. And such interpretations will likely have implications extending far beyond the tight coils of his troubled psyche. Indeed, his

work may eventually be seen as a progressive fever chart, sensitively registering the early stages of one of this century's most troubling social and psychological transformations: the progressive blurring and erosion of sexual differentiation. Androgyny had just come widely into fashion in the 1920s, especially in such avant-garde continental centers as Paris and Berlin, at the very moment the expatriate Hem-

ingway was beginning his serious literary career. No doubt Hemingway was captivated by the sights of kinky Paris for reasons that were ultimately quite personal: his love-hate obsession with his forceful mother, and the feminine component submerged in his own quivering sensibility. Nevertheless, he was also bearing witness to a disturbing cultural undercurrent that has only gathered strength as our century has

progressed. In this respect, his example ought to have a sobering effect upon contemporary sages who regard this development with enthusiasm, and who put forward androgyny as a cultural ideal towards which right-thinking men and women must strive. For as Hemingway's life would suggest, those who tinker with the traditional conceptions of gender may be playing with fire. □

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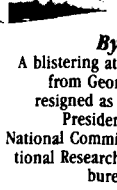
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TAKING THE CONSTITUTION SERIOUSLY

Walter Berns/Simon and Schuster/\$19.95

Terry Eastland

Walter Berns writes in the preface to this book that he intends it to be “an explanation of sorts” of the Constitution. To his credit, he does not try to explain the Constitution by referring simply to what the Supreme Court has said about it in constitutional cases, as so often happens in law school classrooms. Nor does he attempt to explain it by looking only at the work of its framers. Instead, Berns offers an explanation that understands the Constitution in light of the Declaration of Independence. That document declares the rights with which each of us is equally endowed, and states that it is to secure those rights that governments are instituted. *Taking the Constitution Seriously* undertakes to show how our basic law protects rights.

Berns goes about this task with wit and style. He has a sure grip on the history of the founding period, and skillfully explicates the rights-securing principles of the framers’ “new science of politics,” which included representation, separation of powers, and an extended, commercial republic.

Taking the Constitution Seriously is thoughtful and informative, one of the best books written on our founding charter in a year understandably crowded with publications on the Constitution. My differences with the book concern its most interesting parts—those dealing with religion.

Berns sets forth the history of the “religious problem,” as he calls it, and shows why securing rights required separating church and state. All of this Berns does well enough, as a historical matter. Yet his explanation of this aspect of our constitutional order leads to an odd and I think unnecessary conclusion. For Berns, it seems, a sincere religious believer must have a low regard for the Constitution and the kind of society it has helped establish.

Berns characterizes religious believers as “the most zealous of partisans” who aren’t “satisfied with being represented” and want always to “rule.” Such believers—and Berns seems to mean all believers, today as

well as ages past—want to “shape the character” of their fellow citizens, cleansing them of sin. They think “every commonwealth . . . is properly a religious commonwealth.” They get this idea from “revealed religion” (specifically from the New Testament) from which they learn that “souls belong to God and that . . . He has revealed how they should be cared for.” In other words, they accept that God has “provided rule for mankind.” Believing in this divine revelation, they must deny that liberty of conscience is a “natural right.”

The problem with this argument is that Berns wrongly assumes religions and religious people are alike in the ways he indicates. True, there were religions in what Berns calls the “pre-modern age” (i.e., before Hobbes) that maintained every commonwealth must be a religious commonwealth. True as well, there are such religions today. There is the radical Islamic movement in Tehran, which Berns cites. There is in our own country the “dominion” theology associated with Pat Robertson, which seems to call for a kind of theocracy. But so far as most Protestant Christianity in the United States today is concerned, it rejects rule in the name of religion, in practice as well as doctrine. Most Protestants, and for that matter most Catholics and Jews, are quite satisfied “with being represented.”

For me—a Protestant—the idea of a religious commonwealth is not only bad politics. It’s bad theology. The only such commonwealth sanctioned in the Bible appears in the Old Testament—the state of Israel. The New Testament broke with that, and while it does recognize civil government as an in-

stitution under God, it does not spell out how government should be organized—it does not contain some theology of temporal rule. Further, while it does articulate principles of relevance to politics—concerning the importance and distinctiveness of each individual, for example—such principles are not unique to the New Testament and they enjoy support from non-religious sources. As I read the New Testament, it contains a letter to the Philippians but not one to the Politicians. It has Paul, but not Publius. Revealed religion—specifically the New Testament—does not say how men “should be cared for” by government. Someone like me, who believes in God but does not hang heretics, is free to use his reason in thinking about politics.

For theological reasons, I also think a sincerely religious person can agree that religious liberty is at least a thing to be prized by society and protected by government, if not also a “natural right.” This is possible because while it is true (from the perspective of religion) that God made every soul for Himself, He also made man free to choose God. In the absence of revelation that obliges government to dictate how souls “should be cared for,” no one should be forced by the state to choose God. The matter of eternity is properly between God and man alone, and thus it is proper for law to secure religious liberty.

Berns correctly rejects the view that the idea of toleration rests on disbelief. Yet he goes on to argue that toleration probably does “depend on a way of life from which at least weakened belief follows as a consequence.” This way of life is the one contemplated by a commercial republic: the framers believed that men would absorb themselves, as Berns puts it, in “material gratification or comfortable preservation,” and that in consequence they would lose their interest in things above. Writes Berns: “Rather than being a whole way of life, religion, in the commercial republic, becomes merely a part of life . . . consigned or relegated to one day (or one morning) a week. Commerce . . . leads men, perhaps imperceptibly, away from the continuous concern with those issues characteristic of life in a preconstitutional age.”

Here Berns makes a point of considerable force. The evidence is strong that major framers believed commercial pursuits would “tame” or “soften” the religious impulses of man, and “weaken” belief. And from Berns’s perspective, it would seem that this has happened, at least in some degree: the way religious people conduct themselves in modern America is certainly different

from how such people behaved during, say, the Crusades or the time of Charles I. Still, this isn’t the whole of the matter. Berns’s model for an authentic religious life seems to be that of a (to use his word) “preconstitutional” age: monk-like, constantly absorbed in reflecting on things above (and driving non-monks into war with their fellow men). But this model, even if a right one, isn’t the only one, nor is there anything in Christianity or Judaism that forbids commercial life. An American might busy himself in commerce or the various pursuits it supports but also believe he is at the same time serving God. And certainly there are millions of Americans who believe they are doing so daily, not just on Sundays. Whether or not in fact they are, of course, and whether or not religious devotees in the “preconstitutional” age were in fact serving God, is not something mere mortals can determine.

So I differ with Berns on some aspects of his treatment of religion: it’s not schizophrenic to believe in God and also to like our Constitution and our country. But lest there be any misunderstanding, I should point out that Berns is not a cultured despiser of religion. Indeed, Berns rejects that view of America which argues for the minimizing, if not the ultimate elimination, of all vestiges of the “pre-modern world,” including religion, in pursuit of a society that is libertarian (except, of course, in matters of economics). Berns shares the view of the Founders that religion, while it must be consigned to the private sphere, is nonetheless vital to the political health of the nation. For Berns, as for the Founders, religion has positive attributes; it can help shape the character of citizens, making them honest, generous, and concerned about their neighbor. It is for this reason that care must be taken, as Berns says, “not to abolish it or neglect it to such an extent that it would languish and die.”

In the final part of his book, which is no longer an “explanation” of the Constitution but an inquiry into its interpretations by judges, Berns discusses what he calls the “deconstructing” of America. Berns correctly relates the Founders’ understanding that religion and other “conditions of republicanism” (such as family and education) were properly to be the concern of the states, not the national government. Yet as he points out, the ability of the states to deal effectively in this area has been seriously compromised. The Bill of Rights, whose provisions originally applied only to the federal government, has in substantial measure been applied to the states by the Supreme Court,



Terry Eastland is director of public affairs for the Justice Department.

through its interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment, beginning in 1925. As a result, the Court has voided many state laws and practices dealing with the "conditions of republicanism." As Berns puts it, "old-fashioned" laws have been "weighed in the balance" with "new-fashioned" principles, and been found wanting—and thus America has been "deconstructed." In this process, Berns writes, the Court has become a political institution, causing "its critics to charge it with making law and its friends to praise it for the sort of law it made." Berns remarks at length on the illegitimate "rights creation" of the Supreme Court that made possible its new law—and the nullifying of state law—and criticizes the Court for abusing its independence.

Much of what Berns says in criticism of the Court is on the mark. Many of its decisions involving the "conditions of republicanism" betray ignorance of the subtleties of the Founders' political science. Where they took it for granted "that states would use the law to support the institution of the family," says Berns, such a sentiment does not appear in modern family cases. Nor does there appear in modern religion cases the kind of appreciation for the importance of religion to our polity that the Founders shared.

Berns concludes his criticism of the modern Court with a plea that it take the Constitution seriously. This means construing it in its original sense, that is, in the way in which its provisions were understood by those who framed and ratified its various parts, not according to extra-constitutional ideals of the public good, however compelling they might be. Berns plainly is an "interpretivist" or "originalist"; he would keep the times in tune with the Constitution, as he says more than once, not the other way round.

I agree with Berns, although he does leave some important matters of detail unaddressed. It seems, for Berns, that taking the Constitution seriously would mean returning many issues to the states (that is, it would undo much of the application of provisions of the Bill of Rights to the states). Whether this procedural change is advisable is debatable (and any High Court nominee who advocated it would fail to be confirmed). More urgently needed is the development of better substantive doctrine, so that when the Court construes provisions of the Bill of Rights it does so in ways more faithful to the original Constitution. Change in this respect would enhance the ability of states to foster the "conditions of republicanism."

Walter Berns has devoted his distinguished academic career to thinking about American politics and government, particularly in relation to the

founding period. For more than three decades his scholarly and popular work has concerned the relationship between liberty and virtue, between those "new-fashioned principles" and "old-fashioned laws." *Taking the Constitu-*

tion Seriously represents a continuation and indeed a culmination of this effort. Its depth and gravity promise that it will have a life long after the Constitution's bicentennial celebration has ended. □

**PLANT CLOSINGS: WORKER RIGHTS,
MANAGEMENT RIGHTS, AND THE LAW**
Francis A. O'Connell/Transaction Books/\$19.95; \$12.95 paper

Howard Dickman

The Democratic party is once again in control of both houses of Congress, and once again our legislators are on the verge of committing many serious mistakes, including one whose ramifications may hinder our economy for years to come. A union-sponsored measure championed by Senator Howard Metzenbaum would compel firms in many instances to give months of notice about plant closings and even layoffs to employees. The announced purpose is to give workers and communities time to cope with dislocation: a reasonable sounding goal, although surveys show that many businesses, both unionized and not, already do notify workers of impending layoffs or shutdowns, at least when they can do so without jeopardizing their survival by scaring off creditors and customers. Yet the measure before Congress now is merely a cat's-paw for more radical legislation introduced earlier in 1987, which would hinder or prevent firms from laying off workers or shutting down altogether. This bill would force many American businesses to meet and confer with unions, local and state governments, and federal bureaucrats for the purpose of agreeing to an alternative to curtailing their operations.

Economists who have analyzed organized labor's crusade for plant closing legislation over the past fifteen-odd years generally agree that, in the words of Richard McKenzie of Clemson, it is a "bad idea whose time may have come." Frank O'Connell informs us that it already has. His well-researched, timely study recounts the evolution and current status of workers' legal rights in shutdowns and contracting-out situations, as these rights have been discovered by the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) and the federal courts in the National Labor Relations Act (NLRA).

Some unions have successfully nego-

Howard Dickman is the author of Industrial Democracy in America and a senior editor at Reader's Digest.

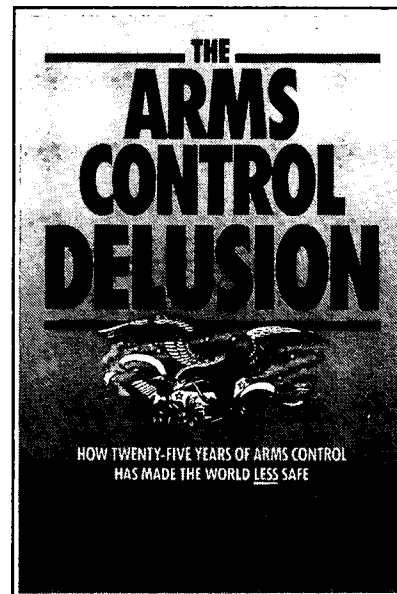
tiated for the right to be consulted by employers over the decision to shut down, and a few even have "work preservation" clauses which guarantee employees the right to perform certain kinds of work for the life of the agreement. But as union pay hikes have pro-

voked unemployment and plant relocations to areas where labor is cheaper and not bound by restrictive work rules, the unions' need for job security provisions has grown significantly faster than their ability to get them at the bargaining table. So they have tried to get the government into the act.

O'Connell explains that two "unfair labor practice" provisions in the NLRA provided, and, if there is a change in the political winds, may still provide, unions, the NLRB, and the federal courts with the power they need to further interfere unjustifiably with property rights. It is illegal for employers to terminate or otherwise "discriminate" against employees if the motive is to discourage union membership or activity. It is also an unfair labor practice for employers to refuse to bargain "in good faith" with unions over wages, hours, "and other terms and conditions of employment."

The duty to bargain is not a duty to agree, to be sure. But an employer can-

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not always be certain that his resistance to union demands will not later be judged a refusal to bargain in good faith. The penalties, if he is so judged, can be severe. The courts can force an employer to reopen a closed or relocated plant, rehire the terminated workers, and give them "back pay." All other things being equal, therefore, employers have learned over the years that the safest course is often to agree to at least some union demands, however unreasonable.

The law clearly compels employers to bargain over wages and hours; but what is the reach of the phrase, "terms and conditions of employment"? Responding to the arguments of union lawyers, the NLRB and the federal courts have stretched the rubbery clause to force employers to bargain, not only over the terms of employment themselves, but also over any decisions or actions which *affect* these terms, including the question of whether there will be any employment at all.

The locus of controversy concerns plant shutdowns, or the contracting-out of work to nonunion employees, where the employer's motive is principally one of economic costs, including labor costs. Here O'Connell tells us that the employer must bargain with the union about the decision if the reason is the costs of operating under the union contract itself, but not if there are other reasons, such as loss of market, obsolete plant, and so on. If the shutdown is caused by both labor costs and other business considerations the employer may or may not have to bargain with the union over the decision, depending upon what the predominant factor is.

In virtually all plant closings (apart from a case of a firm going completely out of business), however, the courts have held that the law compels employers to bargain over the effects of the decision, although once again, the employer does not necessarily have to agree to any union demand for severance pay, transfer rights, etc.

All of these propositions are provisional. The law of plant closing under collective bargaining, O'Connell shows, is riddled with uncertainty; you never know what the Labor Board, or federal courts, may order next. In fact, O'Connell reveals that the unions have for years been arguing for a far more ambitious doctrine. Their conceit, which has been accepted by sympathizers on the staff of the NLRB (and the occasional board member), is that the union agreement itself is tantamount to a contract of employment, one that gives workers a property right in their jobs. Under this theory, it is *employers* who would have to bargain back from

unions the right to contract out work, to close plants, even in theory to terminate unneeded workers! (The next time some social democrat-type drones on about how the unions are a conservative bulwark of the capitalist order, it is useful to keep in mind what these paragons actually have in mind.)

O'Connell, who was a labor lawyer with forty years of experience in employment relations, shows us that this astonishing idea is completely unjustified. It flies in the face of labor relations practice, was not intended by Congress, and is not dictated by the logic of the law itself. Moreover, it is incompatible with the traditional presumption that employers retain all of their management prerogatives (i.e., their common law rights to dispose of their property) except those that they bargain away or are compelled to yield by law.

So far, the unions' power grab has been beaten back by the Reagan appointees to the NLRB, and the federal courts have also shown little sympathy; and this is, of course, a principal reason the unions are lobbying for legislation.

There are two lessons of general significance that emerge from O'Connell's specialized, though quite readable, monograph. The first is that a national plant closing law as envisioned by the unions and their congressional minions would inevitably waste more resources in a regulatory paper chase. The agency or agencies created or expanded to implement it would, in effect, be deciding how much extortion a businessman would have to pay (and to whom) for the privilege of exercising his property rights. To state the issue this way—plainly—is to realize how high the stakes could become. If the egregious record of the NLRB over the last fifty years is any guide, the agency or agencies would also quickly become unbearably politicized. Plant closing legislation would become not only an economic but also a legal and administrative nightmare.

The second lesson is that, over time, the logic of plant closing legislation, like that of the other "industrial policy" measures that have been touted over the past few years, could eventually subject every investment or disinvestment decision to endless administrative delay, political manipulation, and legal second guessing. As the economic stagnation attendant upon such interventionism spread, all-out protectionism, and price and wage controls, would logically follow, and our society would slide slowly, ineluctably into some form of national socialism.

Such a disastrous outcome may not be the goal of our organized labor movement. But its intentions don't

really matter here. What does is the direction in which its legislative proposals would propel us. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

want." In fact, I even added, "I don't plan to read it before it appears in print."

Shiflett was misinformed by Cheshire as to what had allegedly happened in my conversation with Ambassador Han. Shiflett was not even present during this exchange when no editorial matters were discussed. Nor was Cheshire for that matter. I simply asked Ambassador Han, at the end of a forty-minute conversation about business matters, what he had heard about events in South Korea. This comes under the protection of free speech. It so happened Ambassador Han had just been talking to Seoul by phone and I think I would have been derelict had I not relayed to the editorial writer concerned—not Shiflett, but Mike Bonafield—the information obtained. More information about Korea came across the transom from other sources as the editorial cycle progressed which was similarly relayed.

As I have said on several occasions at the time of Cheshire's resignation, it was the biggest non-event of my forty-year career in journalism. There is no church-related interference on this newspaper. The product speaks for itself.

Shiflett says that as the sole breadwinner for two young sons and a wife, he did not jump into the void on a whim. Quite right. It was a whimper.

—Arnaud de Borchgrave
Editor-in-Chief
Washington Times
Washington, D.C.

Some Crack-Up

Your September issue discussion about the future of American conservatism rests on an irony ("The Coming Conservative Crack-Up," *TAS*, September 1987). Basing his dark prognostication of the movement's demise on conservatives' "parochialism," Mr. Tyrrell charges that the conservative "takes pride in existing apart . . . rarely reaches out," and fails to integrate "into the broad range of human experience." The fatal consequence is that conservatives "have never quite succeeded in creating a political community comparable to the Liberals' community, and they have no idea of a cultural community."

To illuminate this parochialism Mr. Tyrrell selects seven conservative spokesmen—all, just like him, from that most unparochial corner of our nation, the New York-Washington corridor: one a professor, one a mil-

lionaire, and six journalists! (probably all nearing or well over 50 years of age). "Community" or clique? The journalists represent the three elite East Coast conservative media. *TAS* at its maximum "reaching out."

The panel's convener closes his criticism of conservatives' self-imposed isolation and aloofness by saying that "there is something decidedly shaky . . . about their magazines." Hmm. He might "look within himself." President Reagan and Senator Goldwater, the movement's political torch-bearers, have their roots far west of the Hudson and Potomac; Russell Kirk, its cultural mentor, comes from tiny Mecosta in rural Michigan. I doubt that the Washington-New York establishment accounted for even five percent of Oliver North's telegrams, or that one percent came from the combined action of millionaire, professor, and journalist.

In predicting conservatism's crack-up Mr. Tyrrell laments, "Conservatives, alas, are narrow. I have been among them for years."

Physician, heal thyself.

—Grace E. Goodell
El Paso, Texas

String Her Up

Each month I await delivery of *The American Spectator* with breathless anticipation. Every issue provides for me a refreshing and introspective experience of varied opinions and events which would otherwise surely have become lost in the fakery of chic and traditional editorial efforts.

However, I must write to take impassioned exception to the advertisement contained on page 4 (*TAS*, October 1987) soliciting funds for the "Free Joan Andrews Committee." The shallow legal and moral assumptions presented in this piece could not possibly have been made by any reasonable or intelligent person. . . .

. . . Although I am not pro-abortion I am, nonetheless, bothered because this affair brings to light a much deeper and more encompassing issue. . . . By circumventing the established legal system—those precise myths, rules, and regulations which allow us to live as equitably and peaceably as possible as a society (albeit only semi-free)—Andrews & Co. lowered themselves to the status of every other common criminal and found themselves justly punished; and, amazingly enough, are bothered by it!

In any event, I do believe that a collection should still be taken—but not to free her, but to ensure that the violence and terrorism the pro-lifers (and to a much lesser extent the pro-choicers) employ so freely are brought to light and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. . . .—John Novocilsky, Jr.

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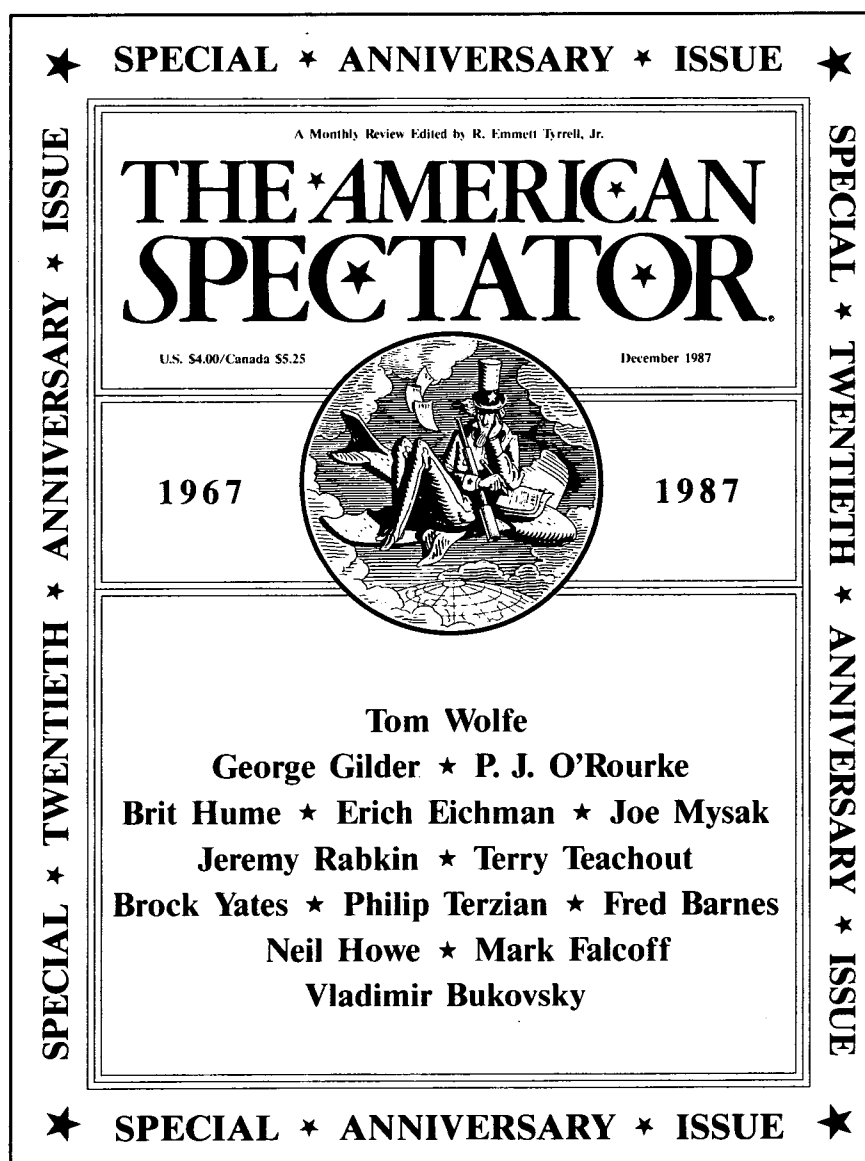
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CURRENT WISDOM

American Historical Association

Lively and exigent panel discussions as promulgated in program notes booming the winter meeting of a revered band of scholars leavened by an occasional nitwit:

46. Sodomy and Pederasty among Nineteenth-Century Seafarers Sheraton, Atrium 1

CHAIR: Clifford L. Egan, University of Houston

Pirates and Pederasty: The Practice of Homosexuality Among the Maritime Underworld of the Late Eighteenth- and Early Nineteenth-Century China

Dian Murray, University of Notre Dame
Pederasty, P. C. Buskirk, and the Music Boys of the U.S. Marines, 1846-1851

B.R. Burg, Arizona State University
COMMENT: Vern L. Bullough, State University College of New York, Buffalo
Lawrence R. Murphy, Wayne State University

120. Homosexuality: The Primitive and the Modern in Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Europe

Sheraton, Atrium 8
Joint session with the Committee on Lesbian and Gay History

CHAIR: John Fout, Bard College
The Geography of Perversion: Nineteenth-Century Interpretations of Primitive Homosexuality

Rudi C. Bleys, Katholieke Universiteit Leuven

The Metropolis, Modernity, and Homosexuality: The Case of Berlin

Dennis M. Sweet, Bates College
Homosexuality and the Left: The Netherlands, 1890-1911

Gert Hekma, University of Amsterdam
COMMENT: Randolph Trumach, Baruch College, City University of New York

[1987]

The American Spectator

From a magazine of the arts, namely the art of self-defense:

Of course I ought to resist replying to your editor-in-chief's almost clinically self-revealing review of my book, *Curse of the Giant Muffins*, but on one small matter you got my goat. I stand accused of being "an embarrassingly insecure self-promoter" because of my alleged "habit of repeatedly introducing persons in this book as 'my friend ____.'" I count four people identified as friends over 286 pages: Marty Peretz (my boss, in the acknowledgements), Mickey Kaus (a writer at *Newsweek*), Maureen Dowd (a reporter for the *New York Times*), and James Fallows (an editor at the *Atlantic*). Not to insult my friends, but it's a bit hard to be accused of social climbing based on this list. This example, by the way, illustrates the general honesty and fairness of the review.

—Michael Kinsley
Washington, D.C.

[December 1987]

Rolling Stone

Lurid moments on the campaign trail with Dr. William Greider, an apostle of the American husband-man and pitchfork-lugger:

Throwing the meeting open to questions from the audience, Dukakis gets a further education in the mysteries of agricultural economics. One farmer takes him through a sophisticated exposition of international trade problems, from Australian-beef imports to Japanese protection of its own rice market. This leads to some esoteric complaints: big grain-trading companies that mix sand and gravel in the corn they export, giving Iowa a bad name; U.S. officials who allow Canada to import pork that has been treated with chemicals so dangerous that American farmers are forbidden to use them.

Dukakis gamely tries to follow the increasingly complex discussion. "I don't want to sound naive," he says, "but I've been in politics twenty-five years. How can the U.S. government possibly justify that?" The candidate has said he wants to learn more, and the farmers are taking him at his word.

[November 19, 1987]

San Francisco Chronicle

Art put to a public purpose as reprinted once again in San Francisco's infallible *Chronicle*:

Art Grant, the mad conceptual artist, is coming up with another major work of—well—Art. On Oct. 22, he's fashioning 100,000 condoms (retail value: \$32,000) into the dove-and-cross logo of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. He'll perform this feat in the Millberry Union courtyard of UCSF. The condoms, trade-named Kimonos, are being donated by Mayer Labs of Oakland, and will be passed on to the sheriff's dept. to be given to prisoners leaving jail.

[October 16, 1987]

Progressive

Don't say he didn't warn you—Dr. Irwin Knoll notifies his readers of the Reaganites' impending Kristallnacht. Pass the Valium:

Reagan's nostalgia for HUAC, and his conviction that the restoration of a measure of political freedom and decency in America was something "the Soviets were able to do in this country," are widely shared on the Right. In these twilight months of the Reagan Presidency, we're likely to witness some serious attempts to revive the climate of hysteria and fear that marked the early years of the Cold War—the period the late Lillian Hellman aptly characterized as "scoundrel time."

As we brace ourselves for a possible new onslaught by the peddlers of political paranoia, it's worth recalling who were the real scoundrels of scoundrel time.

[December 1987]

WHMA

(Anniston, Alabama)

Senator Howell Heflin displays his belief that the radio audience of greater Anniston is composed of morons:

It appears that Judge Bork wants to be a martyr, by insisting on a role call vote when it is obvious that he can't win. This martyr approach is further evidence of his extremism.

I was again troubled by Judge Bork's extremism and admission that he had been a socialist, a libertarian, that he nearly became a communist and actually recruited people to attend a communist party meetings [sic] . . . and had a strange lifestyle.

I am further disturbed by his refusal to discuss his belief in God or the lack thereof. All of this as well as other reasons gave me doubt on risking him to a life time position on the United States Supreme Court.

[October 1987]

Parade

Sociological descants for the high of brow on Sunday morning just before the cartoons come on:

Q: Was William Casey, late director of the CIA, money-mad?

—Ed McGee, Phoenix, Ariz.

A.: "Money-mad" may be too strong an adjective, but it is not very far off the mark. William Casey was a poor boy from Queens, N.Y., who worked his way through Fordham University and St. John's Law School, so money occupied a top rung on his ladder of values.

[November 8, 1987]

New York Observer

Poor Mrs. Thatcher receives the comeuppance from one of the brightest 1960s minds now gibbering in the Western World on the Art page of New York's tedious new weekly:

"What we want to celebrate in our films is freedom, choice, openness and anarchy," declares screenwriter Hanif Kureishi, whose latest collaboration with director Stephen Frears, "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid," is a virulent assault on the wholesale denial of those values in Mrs. Thatcher's England. . . .

Himself the suburban born 30-year-old son of a Pakistani immigrant and his English wife, he says it's the relationship between post-imperial Britain and its Asian communities that chiefly fascinates him as a writer. "It's something that Britain's got to come to terms with," he says, "having had and dissolved an empire, having accepted waves of immigrants through the 1950's and 60's, being a deeply racist country which can't cope with people with different colored skins, cultures and religions. It's a society in decline, becoming more and more divided and right wing, and sinking into the sea. Writing about Asians in Britain is a kind of excuse for me to write about London, class, colonialism and decay."

[November 2, 1987]

Los Angeles Tidings

In the letters column of a distinguished Papist gazette, a learned professor makes a point that students and non-students alike often do not hear:

. . . We tend to minimize or even ignore this political aspect of the Holocaust because it comes out of a politics which are very much with us today. Anticommunism is as much a religion of the forces of the Reagan right as it was of the Nazis of the Third Reich. The U.S. media is as biased in this respect as the German media of the 'thirties, our right wing clerics rebait with the same kind of Goebbels fury. . . .

Bill Doyle

Professor of History

Los Angeles Southwest College
[October 30, 1987]

New York Daily News

A patriot and aesthete speaks out:

After seeing Donna Rice's picture in the Daily News, I can say truthfully that I would rather spend one night with Donna Rice than be President of the United States. This country stinks anyway. I gotta hand it to you, Gary, you made the right choice.

D.L. Gates

[September 17, 1987]

San Francisco Chronicle

The depressing effect illness can have on a great art critic, put on display for all readers in the heroic pages of the *Chronicle* of San Francisco. But there is room for this fellow Tircuit in the Washington press corps:

On Monday, the *Chronicle* ran a review by Heuwell Tircuit of the San Francisco Ballet's performance in Stern Grove Sunday. This review left many readers perplexed and disturbed. It contained critical comments about the dancing of Ludmila Lopukhova and David McNaughton in the ballet "Bizet Pas de Deux," a work which in fact had been replaced on the program and was not performed that afternoon.

Shortly after he arrived at the *Chronicle* office on Monday morning, Tircuit collapsed at his desk and was taken to a local hospital. He was admitted for medical tests, and was not released until Wednesday afternoon.

Yesterday was the first opportunity to hear Tircuit's explanation. He said that he believes he was ill when reviewing the performance Sunday and has no clear recollection of how he made the error.

Officials of the Ballet said the review caused "embarrassment and pain" to distinguished members of its company, as indeed it has to the *Chronicle*.

This newspaper has always been proud to stand behind its reviews in the expectation that readers and members of the artistic community find them informative and useful. In keeping with this concern, Tircuit has been removed from his duties as a critic for the *Chronicle*.

[August 7, 1987]

"The most complete and without doubt the most satisfying history of the USSR now available"

— *Le Monde*

Communism in Russia: are you weak on the details of its brutal 70 years? Have you been looking for a good history, reliably anti-Communist? Then seek no farther. In the words of the great anti-Communist scholar, Robert Conquest of the Hoover Institution:

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With good reason. Historians Mikhail Heller and Aleksandr Nekrich spent most of their lives in the Soviet Union, lived through most of these events, experienced the texture of life in the Empire of Evil, and only now, free in the West, are they able to publish their magnum opus. First acclaimed when it appeared in France, West Germany and Italy (and in an underground Polish edition), it is now winning equal praise from major American publications and experts on Soviet Russia:

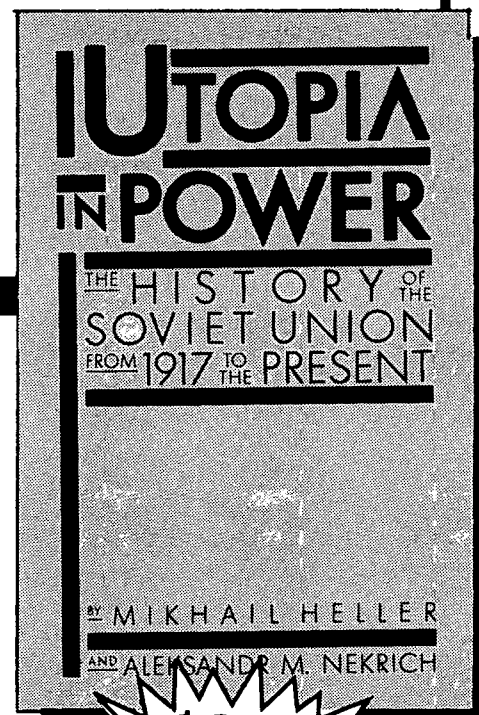
"The best history of the Soviet Union now in print in any language."—Walter Laqueur, Center for Strategic and International Studies

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"Massive, compelling, highly readable . . . Marshailling a prodigious array of primary sources, they shed fresh light on scores of events and people, from the Bolsheviks' use of terror . . . to Brezhnev's creation of his personality cult. Viewing the Soviet system as fundamentally irrational, built on one-man leadership, incapable of internal reform, the authors throw down a gauntlet to liberal-left historians."—*Publishers Weekly*

"Outstanding."—Adam B. Ulam, Director, Russian Research Center

"The first history of the USSR which combines the insights and knowledge of an insider with the distance and access to vital documentation of the foreigner. There is a wealth of new detail and the whole is remarkable for the freshness of attack. No one else yet has woven the whole story together in a great tapestry of a narrative that is sober, carefully documented, and very readable indeed. This will become a standard history to be kept in print for many years. Anyone remotely concerned with Russia will have to read this book."—Edward Crankshaw, author of *Russia and the Russians*



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